

THE KAISER "AS A SORT OF NEW MOHAMMED"—CARTOON

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ITALY'S GREAT TRAGEDY: EARTHQUAKE REDUCES BEAUTIFUL OLD TOWNS TO SHAPELESS HEAPS OF WRECKAGE.



This is what the inhabitants found on returning to the town that was once their home. The street is in ruins and there is not a whole house remaining.



Tents in which the refugees were sheltered.



Searching for belongings amid the débris.

Nothing but ruin and desolation can be seen in the area which was visited by the terrible earthquake. It occurred in a district which is well known to tourists and which is rich in historical and artistic monuments. But now prosperous and beautiful old towns have

been wiped out and nothing remains but shapeless heaps of bricks. Thousands of people have been killed, and the Bishop of the Marsica in a message to the Pope described his diocese as "one vast cemetery."

WOMAN NOVELIST GAINS DIVORCE.

Irene Osgood's Story of Unhappy Life with Husband.

DRINK AND TOBACCO.

"You seem to enjoy drink in preference to the love of a woman and your beautiful home."

This was a passage from a remarkable letter read in the Divorce Court yesterday, when Mrs. Irene Sherard, the novelist known as Irene Osgood, was granted a decree nisi against her husband, Mr. Robert H. Sherard, the author, on the ground of his cruelty and misconduct.

He was formerly her secretary, but directly he became her husband, said Mrs. Sherard's counsel, his manner changed.

Counsel read the following letter which Mrs. Sherard wrote to her husband on September 16, 1908:

My Dear Robert,—I am very nervous, unwell and unhappy to-day—too much so even to talk to my Robert. But what I want to say is this: he has and implore you not to smoke or drink again. It is ruining your health, your appearance, your intellect, your figure, and, besides, if it is, any consideration to you, it makes me profoundly sad and miserable. Nothing matters to me in this world if you drink and smoke.

You can also have an opportunity now to make a magnificent career for us both, but you will never achieve anything if you drink and smoke.

You are born for great things, if you only realised your opportunity. Think quietly and seriously of what I ask you. The best thing in life is to be sober and abstemious, the cellar and tell our friends we are abstemious. I don't care what they say. I would rather live here, forgotten and live in an atmosphere of alcohol and tobacco.

In a letter to his wife, Mr. Sherard wrote, "I will be true to you all my life, and my deep, absorbing love will last to the end."

HER THIRD HUSBAND.

Opening the case, Mr. Marshall Hall said Mrs. Sherard was the widow of Captain Pigott Harvey when she was married to Mr. Sherard. She had divorced her first husband, an American. She was a lady of very considerable means, and when quite a girl met Mr. Sherard in Paris at a mutual friend's.

They did not see each other again until 1906 at Cannes. She responded in a manner changed. He gave way to drink at times and when under its influence was cruel to his wife.

On Boxing Night, 1908, there was a scene at the hall, when Mr. Sherard, under the influence of drink, got through the window of a room, making a terrific noise, and then smashed in the panels of the door of his wife's room with a poker.

The next day Mr. Sherard wrote his wife:—

Dearest,—Ferdie has told me it will be a comfort to you if I write and say I will go when you like and will not approach you again till you wish I am heart broken, darling, and the thought of separating from you is the greatest agony I ever felt. I will be true to you all my life and my deep, absorbing love will last to the end. I have cast alcohol away now, but I would like to pledge myself to you. God bless you, my beloved Rene. God bless you, dearest and most precious.—Your Robert.

"LOVE YOU MORE THAN YOU KNOW." Counsel mentioned that Mrs. Sherard was so frightened of her husband that a policeman was kept in the hall all the time.

Respondent went away, and on June 9, 1909, sent his wife a wire saying:—

My Blessing.—Why do you want to kill me? you are killing me. Surely I have suffered enough. All I want is the R.F.A. and I want you. Even Calvary has a summit. I love you. I love you much more than you ever know.—Robert.

Afterwards Mrs. Sherard received a message to the effect that respondent had been going to his address at Norwood she found him not dying, but drunk.

Later the parties agreed to a deed of separation, under which petitioner allowed respondent £250 a year for their joint life. Subsequently petitioner became aware of her husband's misconduct with a woman at Brixton.

Even now, with the hope that Mr. Sherard might redeem himself, she is willing to continue the allowance for his life.

Petitioner, in her evidence as to cruelty, said respondent once stabbed her with a tiepin two or three times on the breast.

CHANCE FOR WOULD-BE WARRIORS

Recruits are needed in the London Irish Rifles, the 4th City of London Regiment of Royal Fusiliers, the 4th Home Counties Howitzer Brigade, the R.F.A., and in the Reserve Battalion of the 1st County of London Yeomanry (Middlesex Hussars).

PROUD DAYS FOR FIDO.

Woman's Craze for Dogs Growing Now That So Many Men Are Drilling.

LATEST FASHIONS FOR PETS.

Fido is a joyous creature at present because he has no "horrid man" rival and has become his mistress's constant companion, as so many men are drilling and soldiering.

Surely never before in Bond-street, the Park and other fashionable thoroughfares were more dogs seen accompanying their owners shopping or on promenade.

The dogs, of course, Pekingese, small Yorkshires, etc., are all adorned with new coats on a crisp, frosty day, such as yesterday, and one new idea in doggie fashions is for the large bow on the collar to match the pocket-handkerchief in the small coat pocket.

New travelling rugs costing 1s. 11d. are being shown at the dogs' tailors, and as every "master" goes drilling dogs' dumb-bells in indiarubber are having a good sale.

Many women are buying new dogs, *The Daily Mirror* was told at one establishment, where most of the dogs were "sold out."

One of the reasons for this is that a good pedigree dog can be purchased for almost half price.

Pedigree Pekingese have been sold for four and five guineas, whereas in time of peace they would cost eight or nine guineas.

A dainty toy Yorkshire terrier weighing only 1½ lb. was sold for six guineas—half its value.

Many people are amused at seeing in Piccadilly the tiniest of toy terriers being led on the longest of leashes.

LAW'S 'TOPPER' BRIGADE

Middle-aged Barristers Drilling and Signalling in Silk Hats and Black Coats.

Khaki has to a large extent replaced the wig and gown for costume for lawyers, and some 800 members of the Bar are now under arms for King and country.

Others who are past the age for active services have joined reserve units, and it is a quaint sight to see to watch these middle-aged barristers drilling of an afternoon in the Temple Gardens in the professional uniform of black tailed coats and tail silk hats.

Boys are fond of calling them the "Topper Brigade," but the Toppers are very earnest in their work.

A party of them spent an hour at flag signalling yesterday afternoon. The other party was stationed on the roofs of some Temple buildings. It is really almost funny to see middle-aged gentlemen in top hats flag-wagging with the greatest gusto—it is funny until the observer remembers the earnest spirit of these patriotic men.

It should be noticed that barristers are now permitted to plead in court wearing military uniform.

"BELGIUM WILLIE" A MASTER THIEF

Charged with stealing coats and boots from a Kensington private hotel, Marcel de Grasse, described as a Belgian traveller, and stated to be known in the West End as "Belgium Willie," was sentenced at London Session yesterday to six months' imprisonment and ordered to be deported after serving the sentence.

With him in the dock appeared Carl Eglin, twenty-two years of age, a German, and Hans Edler, twenty-one, an Austrian, both of whom pleaded guilty. As they belong to enemy nations they cannot be deported, but are to be kept in custody till the end of the war.

Mr. de Grasse stated that he had known de Grasse three years. There was every reason to believe that he planned the thefts. He was associated with West End thieves, and was the source of great trouble. The detective said he had been informed that the foreigners in the district looked to de Grasse for all the devices and plans for robberies of this character.

MYSTERY OF £200,000 FIRE.

TRENTON (New Jersey), Jan. 19.—A fire which threatened the entire manufacturing section of the city and did damage estimated at £200,000 broke out to-day in the plant of John A. Roebling, Sons and Co.

The fact that this company was making insulated wire for telephone and telegraph field service and trace chains for artillery has given rise to the belief that the fire was of incendiary origin.—Reuter.

CITY MERCHANT ON TRIAL.

The trial began at the Old Bailey yesterday of John Frederick Drughorn, a shipowner, who pleaded not guilty to an indictment containing seven counts, which charged him with trading with the enemy.

Mr. R. D. Muir stated that defendant was a governing director of Frederick Drughorn & Co., which had offices at 85, Gracechurch-street, E.C. The prosecution alleged that on September 2 last defendant entered into a commercial agreement with a Swedish firm which was for the benefit of people trading in Germany.

Through his branch in Rotterdam the defendant, it was alleged, agreed to engage lighters to carry iron ore to Germany to a concern called the Rhine Steel Works.

The hearing was adjourned.

LUNACY CASES DOUBLED.

London's Cases of Insanity Rise from 10,000 a Year to 21,200.

MOST IN WEST END.

In regard to cases of lunacy in different occupations in London, figures are given in the annual asylums report for 1913 for the London County Council.

The highest figure is that for women and comes under "No occupation" (including housewives), 969. The figures for men under this heading are sixty-four.

The highest figure as regards men is under the classification of general and undefined workers and dealers, 289, the corresponding figure for women being thirty-four. Other interesting figures are:—

	Males.	Females.
Government and municipal service.....	23	—
Army and Navy.....	27	442
Domestic offices and services.....	135	18
Commercial occupations.....	264	2
Conveyance of men, goods and messages.....	1	—
In and about and dealing in products of mines and quarries.....	1	—
Dress.....	8	141
Agriculture.....	19	2

In twenty-four years the number of asylum cases in London has doubled.

In 1889 the county was primarily responsible for just over 10,000 cases of insanity; at the end of 1913 the assumed responsibility had risen to just under 21,200, an increase of approximately 110 per cent. in twenty-four years. The expenditure has increased from £188,760 18s. 8d. to £617,029 14s. 3d.

It is noted in the report that the four parishes covered by the report, the parishes of St. Martin in the West End, the parishes of St. James and St. George in the East End, and the parishes of St. James and St. George in the East End, are the most heavily charged.

The probable explanation (says the Asylums Committee) is the difference in the number of certain justices in the various parishes and unions in sending cases to the several institutions available.

The ratio per 1,000 of pauper lunatics in London is lowest for Lewisham and Hampstead, being 3.3 per 1,000, and highest for St. Giles-in-the-Fields and St. George, Bloomsbury, the figure for which is 11.9 per 1,000.

SECRET MARRIAGE LIE.

Prison for Girl Who Obtained Money by Libelling Clergymen.

How a girl got money by going into different districts and representing that she had been married secretly to a local clergyman was told at Westminster Police Court yesterday.

Frances Eganine Cunningham, a young woman described as a music teacher, otherwise "The Hon. Mrs. Drake," and her mother, Frances Cunningham, were charged on remand with obtaining money and goods by fraud.

The daughter pleaded guilty. The mother said she was perfectly innocent, and that her daughter had supported her.

Chief-Inspector Fowler, of Scotland Yard, said the practice the younger prisoner was to go into some districts, attend the churches there and become acquainted with the local clergyman. Then she told her landlady and tradespeople that she had been secretly married to one of them.

Her story was that money had been stopped from her by the clergyman in question, but that she had now returned to take up her position in life. The names of the Bishop of London and other distinguished people were mentioned by her.

The elder prisoner was discharged, and, in sentencing the younger woman to twelve months' imprisonment, the magistrate referred to her "horrible falsehoods against honourable and respectable clergymen."

"TRYING TO STICK AN EEL."

Charged with the wilful murder of George A. Morton, of Tooting, Alfred Catling, bookmaker, and James O'Neill, clerk, of Camberwell, were at the South-Western Police Court yesterday committed for trial.

It was stated that after a dispute at Windsor Races on December 9 deceased was knocked down on leaving a train at Clapham Junction and later succumbed to his injuries.

A Battersea doctor said that on the evening of December 9 accused came to his surgery. Catling was holding O'Neill's left wrist, which was bound up with a handkerchief. Witness found wounds on O'Neill's hand, one of which was very serious. The man might have bled to death if he had not had prompt attention. He was in a fainting condition from loss of blood. A statement was volunteered to him that "This comes of trying to stick an eel."

GREEKS AFTER GERMAN SHIPS.

COPENHAGEN, Jan. 19.—A message from Berlin states that in Greek harbours there are a number of German and Austrian steamships which the owners wish to sell, and the Greeks are anxious to buy on account of the lack of adequate tonnage.

Greece and France have demanded that the purchase money should be deposited in English or French banks until after the war. The Greeks hope that an agreement may be reached by which the sums paid will be deposited in banks belonging to a neutral foreign State.—Central News.

HOUSEWIFE'S PURSE AND WAR PRICES.

Increases That Affect Family Whose Income Is Thirty Shillings.

EPICURE'S LIST.

How is the housewife in humble circumstances—the wife, for instance, of a respectable artisan earning 30s. a week—meeting the increased demands on her purse owing to the universal dearness of food?

Some interesting budgets, showing the weekly expenditure for food and household stores, were compiled for *The Daily Mirror* yesterday by some "thrift-shillings-a-week" wives.

In all cases there is a hard struggle to make both ends meet and at the same time keep the family going with moderate comfort.

Although the price of bread is now 7½d. per quarter, in some of the poorer districts it is 7d.

One woman, the wife of a railwayman earning 30s. a week, living in a South London suburb, supplied the following figures showing a typical week's housekeeping expenses. She has three young children:—

	s. d.		s. d.
Meat, 6lb. of neck of mutton at 6d. per lb.....	2	Sugar, 3lb.	1 0
Bread, 12 loaves	3 6	Vegetables, potatoes, carrots, etc.	1 0
Bacon, 1 lb.	1 0	Condensed milk ..	0 5
Milk ("skim")	0 4	Milk ("full cream") ..	0 4
Butter, 1 lb.	1 0	Coal	1 6
Margarine, 1lb.	1 0	Soap, soda, wood ..	1 0
Flour	1 2		
		Total	15 0

Before the war a similar list of provisions could be obtained by this woman at a cost of roughly 12s. 6d. or 13s.

STRIKING DIFFERENCE.

There are these striking differences of price:

	Before the war.	To-day.
Mutton (5lb.)	2s. 0d.	3s. 6d.
Bread (12 loaves)	2s. 6d.	3s. 6d.
Sugar (3lb.)	0s. 6d.	1s. 0d.
Flour	0s. 11½d.	1s. 2d.

Difference of price in these four important items of food is 1s. 11½d.

It is not always possible for this "thrift-shillings-a-week" housewife to obtain all the goods mentioned in the above list every week. Her rent is fortunately only 7s. a week, so that for clothes and general expenses only about 8s. can be set aside.

Another budget from a woman in the same circumstances, but with only two children, was also given to *The Daily Mirror*. It was very similar to the above list, except that less meat was eaten and is. was allowed for jam and cheese. The weekly housekeeping expenses came to 14s.

EGGS "BECOMING A LUXURY."

The epicure who delights in the good things of the table is finding the proper enjoyment of life a somewhat expensive pleasure just now.

Luxuries of the table have not been immune from the general rise in food prices. The comfortable gourmand who at this time of the year looks with anticipatory joy for salmon and asparagus must have a long purse if he wishes to indulge in these luxuries.

Even Dutch salmon costs at the present moment 6s. a pound. Scotch salmon, according to one of London's leading restaurants, is quite unobtainable.

Asparagus can be had for 8s., 10s. and 12s. a bundle. Some in splendid condition fetches as much as 15s. a bundle.

For caviare, which at any price can be paid for this dainty. It is extremely difficult to obtain now as the greater part of the caviare which reaches this country is in a mouldy condition. This is caused by the length of time taken under war conditions in the shipment of caviare to Great Britain.

Game is plentiful and relatively cheap. Eggs are becoming every day a more expensive luxury.

BEARING IT FOR NATION'S SAKE.

"We shall have to grin and bear it, for it is in the nation's interests."

Such was the opinion expressed yesterday by a director of a prominent City house concerning the Government's embargo on new issues of capital which, among other things, forbids the sending of capital abroad except under Government control.

"Great Britain," said the director, "will want all the capital it can lay hands on, and we must leave no stone unturned to fortify and strengthen ourselves financially. If no such embargo were in force there would be the possibility of money being frittered away."

The embargo will create trouble notably in Canada and also in South America. In this country the big borrowers would be hit hardest. "It is very desirable," said a well-known financier, "that there should be a hold on our finance with so much gold in the banks in this country as well as out of it."

QUEEN INFECTED BY THE POOR.

PARIS, Jan. 19.—The *Herald's* Madrid correspondent says that not only Queen Victoria but her two children, Princess Beatrix and Prince Jaime and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, are suffering from scarlet fever.

It is thought that the Queen and Princess Beatrix of Saxe-Coburg, caught the disease while visiting the poor of Madrid, and the little Prince and Princess took it from them. Reuter.

CHEERS! GREET BRITISH REINFORCEMENTS ON ARRIVAL AT YPRES

German Troops Fighting Waist Deep in Water in Their Trenches.

ALLIES TAKE 500 YARDS OF ENEMY LINES.

Berlin Report of Zeppelin's Flight That Was Made Over Paris.

KRUPPS' BIG GUNS SILENCED IN LONG RANGE DUELS.

Many fresh reinforcements of British troops have arrived at Ypres—that little town on the road to Calais where British regiments have won immortal glory.

These new troops are waiting for better weather to begin operations, for the weather just now has its icy grip on the whole battle line.

The British kit and commissariat are the admiration of our brave Allies, and the arrival of fresh troops is always the signal for enthusiastic cheers.

Sluis reports that more gunfire has been heard from the direction of Ypres.

The Germans at Roulers are suffering badly from standing waist deep in trench water.

In the province of Liège the railways are closed to the public and large bodies of troops are on the move.

Further success by the French in Alsace was officially reported yesterday from Paris.

More trenches have been won north-west of Pont à Mousson and the Allies now occupy 500 yards of the German line.

FIRES DRIVE ALLIES FROM LA BOISSELLE.

Positions Recaptured After Night Abandonment—War in the Snow.

PARIS, Jan. 19.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—In Belgium there have been snowstorms. There has been intermittent artillery fire.

There has also been snow in the Arras region where our heavy artillery on several occasions silenced the enemy's batteries.

As was stated yesterday, there has been a somewhat lively action at La Boisselle, where as the result of fires we were obliged to evacuate our positions on the night of January 17.

We recaptured them at daybreak on the 18th. The enemy has not renewed his attacks in this part of the front.

ARTILLERY DUELS.

In the sector of Soissons the bombardment of St. Paul during the night of the 17th inst. and the day of the 18th inst. was absolutely quiet.

In the valley of the Aisne, to the east of Soissons and in the sector of Rheims, there have been artillery duels.

To the north-west of Pont-a-Mousson we have captured another work in Le Pretre Wood, where we now occupy 500 yards of German trenches.

In the Vosges there have been a snowstorm and artillery fire, especially in the Ban de Sapt and in the sector of Thann.—Reuter.

[La Boisselle is to the south of Arras.]

ZEPPELIN OVER PARIS.

COPENHAGEN, Jan. 19.—A private telegram from Berlin states that a Zeppelin airship passed over Paris yesterday at a height of several thousand feet.

It is expected that a bombardment of Paris from the air will soon take place.—Central News.

MORE BRITISH AT YPRES.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 19.—The Sluis correspondent of the *Telegraph* states that gunfire has been audible since early on Monday in the direction of Ypres, where the battle continues.

At Ypres and on the Allies' front the conviction prevails that the Germans are unable to occupy Ypres.

message from Berlin, there is no reason to believe that the Germans intend to break through the Allies' lines at Soissons, as it would require very great sacrifices to cross the River Aisne at this point.—Central News.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 19.—The *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant* says that just recently considerable numbers of troops have been removed from the garrisons in the centre of the German Empire to the frontier provinces, including Westphalia.

These movements are said to be connected with the question of supplies.—Central News.

THE TRENCH WADERS.

ROTTERDAM, Jan. 18.—The only reliable news from Flanders to-day relates to the flooded trenches and the privations of the German troops.

At Roulers men are standing waist-high in water, and many have had to be carried to hospital.

Heavy gunfire was heard all day at Sluis, coming both from Ypres and a westerly direction.

BRITISH AIRMAN'S STORY OF CAPTURE BY FOE.

Reported Statement by Flight-Commander Briggs Denying Attack with Whip.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 18.—With a view to contradicting certain statements which appeared in the *Matin* of November 27, the *Berliner Tageblatt* publishes a statement purporting to be made by Flight-Commander Briggs.

The statement is as follows:—In accordance with orders I appeared on November 21 over the Zeppelin sheds at Friedrichshafen in a two-seated aeroplane without a companion.

About noon, when at a height of about 300 yards, my petrol tank was pierced and I was forced to descend. My right ear was also slightly grazed by a bullet and was bleeding.

Immediately after landing a German soldier from the direction of the two hangars fired five shots at me in succession, but I was not hit.

Then I held up my hands and several people, military and civilians, rushed upon me and my machine, in which I sat bound by a belt. The belt was then undone, and I was torn from the aeroplane.

While I was bending down I received on my head a heavy blow which I felt powerfully through my thick airman's cap.

I presume the blow was dealt by the butt end of a rifle. This blow, obviously, was struck by a German private, since I only saw such with rifles in their hands.

Judging by his sword, a German officer was also among those who rushed up, but I remember to have seen him last about forty yards away.

Behind me was a crowd which, judging by their behaviour, apparently wished to spring upon me. I was then forthwith led away by two soldiers to the guardhouse.

OFFICER "SAVED MY LIFE."

The following day an English-speaking German informed me that the German officer who arrived on the scene when I landed had probably saved my life, because he placed himself between me and the crowd when I was led away from the machine, and that the officer threatened to shoot down anyone who attacked me.

No German officer at any time attacked me or, as has been alleged by the *Matin*, struck me with a whip after I was taken from the aeroplane.

It is my personal opinion that the German officer, like an English officer, would consider it beneath his dignity to commit such an act as the *Matin* of November 27 alleges.—(Signed) Edward Briggs.—(Reuter.)

CLUNG TO HEIGHTS WHILE TURKS WERE ENCIRCLED.

How Two Heroic Russian Companies Held Off the Enemy's Advance.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 18.—"Whom the gods destroy their first drive mad" is inevitably quoted in connection with the Karaukhan battle. After Sarikamish, few imagined the Turks would court a second disaster, little over twenty miles from the first.

It seems that great credit for the victory is due to a few companies sent forward to arrest the Turkish advance on Sarikamish at what ever cost, pending the arrival of the Russian main force.

Two companies from Hassankali posted on a mountain repulsed desperate Turkish attacks for several days and nights.

Seven companies and two batteries held the Turkish centre while the Russians were outflanking the enemy.

Karaukhan was a repetition of Sarikamish. The Turks were completely out-maneuvred. The Russians are now fifty or sixty miles from Erzerum, which is reported to have a garrison of 5,000.

SECRET OF A CHATEAU.

A Russian battalion entered an abandoned chateau in Galicia by night. In one room was a trap-door leading to a cellar. There was a notice on the wall warning people not to open it owing to the poisonous gases.

Nevertheless, it was opened, and 200 Austrian deserters from Cracow were found in the cellar, where they had been for five weeks. They had deserted when they knew Ilovsk was captured and Przemyśl invested.

They seized some provision cars which were driving to Cracow by intimidating the escort. As they found no opportunity of surrendering to the Russians they hid in the chateau.

Their food was exhausted and they had no alternatives but those of starving or execution by the Austrians, so they welcomed the arrival of the Russians.—Reuter's Special.

WHAT THE TURKS SAY.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 18.—A Constantinople official communiqué says:—Our Caucasian troops are obstinately defending their positions against Russian superior forces. A hostile attempt to encircle the wing of one of our corps failed. After a fight west of Hoi the Russian cavalry fled, leaving behind dead and wounded.—Reuter.

READY FOR REVOLUTION.

SALONIKA, Jan. 18.—It is stated that there is a reign of terror in Constantinople, compared with which the worst days of Abdul Hamid were paradisaical.

The city is now being ruled over by Enver Pasha. Anyone attempting to spread news of the last Turkish defeat is summarily strung up. Now that the truth is becoming known a considerable proportion of the population is ripe, ready and hoping for revolution.—Central News.

AIRMAN BURNT TO DEATH.

A terrible flying fatality occurred at Aldershot yesterday. Lieutenant M. L. Gardner, after executing a series of manoeuvres in the air, was seen to descend in what appeared to be a perfectly normal fashion.

Just as his machine seemed to touch the ground, however, a terrific explosion was heard.

As members of the Flying Corps and others hurried to the spot, the aeroplane was hidden by clouds of smoke.

Lieutenant Gardner's engine had exploded, and before the unfortunate airman could be extricated from his machine he was burnt to death.

DREAD THAT GRIPS AGED EMPEROR.

Tragedy Brooding Over Ramshackle House of Hapsburg—Monarch Who Is Suspect.

HIDING AT SCHOENBRUNN.

The Emperor Francis Joseph, who has been called the "man of many sorrows," finds no escape from the tragedy that ever broods over the ramshackle House of Hapsburg.

How the love of his people has been changed to hatred of him and how he has hidden himself at Schoenbrunn because he is afraid—afraid of a violent ending to the gloomy evening of his days—is told by a special correspondent of the *Matin*.

The latter went to Vienna to see the Emperor, but did not find him there. An account of the correspondent's impressions of the Viennese attitude to the aged monarch is given below.

SHADOW OF DOOM.

The correspondent's story, communicated from Paris to Reuter, is as follows:—"Gone is the former deep adoration of the people which was displayed at every appearance of the Emperor."

"Extinguished is the spontaneous enthusiasm which was manifested at the sight of the monarch."

"Ended are the battles in the streets born of the desire to approach him more closely."

"Finished are the cheers and cries of joy which only a little while ago were raised on his passage by a delirious crowd swaying round the aged Sovereign. To-day all is void, official, icy."

"If he still has an escort it is composed of plain-clothed policemen or women and mothers in mourning. These silent demonstrations will soon give way to hostile cries, the forerunners of the downfall."

"Francis Joseph is afraid; he has gone to earth at Schoenbrunn. Formerly he went thither for reasons of health; now he lives there as a measure of precaution. Francis Joseph goes in fear of his life."

"The Serajevo outrage had already shaken him greatly; the cries of the wounded, the death-rattle of the dying, the tears of the widows and mothers have completed the work."

"The fact is that the Slavs are no longer the only enemy to be feared; the Czechs and Hungarians are murmuring; the former are openly demanding the realisation of their legitimate aspirations."

"The clandestine executions and arrests carried out wholesale recently in Bohemia but, for the time being, in the soul of the Czechs and Hungarians for their part are beginning to grasp that they have been tricked."

"Instead of the promised victory they see their country invaded and condemned to devastation and ruin."

"With their hopes deceived and their pride humbled, their King, whom they beloved, has become suspected. This is why Francis Joseph is afraid and fears the act of a madman, a visionary or a fanatic."

WHY EMPEROR WAS ANGRY

PARIS, Jan. 19.—Quoting the Vienna correspondent of the *Globe*, *l'Humanité* telegrams to the newspapers from Rome state that Count Berchtold was compelled to resign as the result of a stormy interview with the Emperor Francis Joseph.

The Emperor reproached the Count with having deceived him as to the consequences of the ultimatum sent to Serbia in declaring that Russia would not intervene and that in any case Italy would join her Allies.

The rumour, adds the correspondent, is current in Vienna that the resignation of Count Berchtold will shortly be followed by that of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, the Imperial Chancellor.—Reuter.

CARRIED OFF THE FOOD.

CAPE TOWN, Jan. 18.—Reuter's special correspondent at Swakmund (German South-West Africa) telegraphs the following details of the occupation of the town last Thursday morning by the Union Forces.

The town was entered by the Union troops at five o'clock in the morning of the 14th inst. Prior to the occupation the land mines had been exploded apparently from the town by the enemy in an attempt to check our advance, resulting in two mounted men of the Union Forces being killed.

One man was subsequently wounded by rifle fire in the outskirts of the town. A party of the enemy was seen to be retreating upon the approach of our troops.

The buildings in the town were found to be intact, but the water-condensing plant, the electric light station, the jetty and the cable and telegraph instruments had been totally destroyed. The town had been almost entirely denuded of food stuffs.

A valuable quantity of machinery and tools was found available by our engineers.—Reuter's Special.



Gymnastics play a large part in the training of the soldier. Here some of Kitchener's men are seen negotiating the vaulting-horse.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF NURSING IN WAR-TIME.



Nursing in wartime calls for the highest skill, for the women have not all the resources of a great modern hospital at their disposal. This picture was taken in a house at Furnes where the wounded are temporarily accommodated. It is quite near the fighting line.—
(Picture by courtesy of the *Nursing Times*.)

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S NIECE AND NEPHEW.



A charming new portrait of the Crown Princess of Sweden and her youngest children, Princess Ingrid and Prince Bertil. The Crown Princess is a sister of Princess Patricia, whose Light Infantry from Canada are fighting so gallantly for the Empire at the front, and was formerly Princess Margaret of Connaught.

WELLINGTON'S PISTOL.



Pistol worn by the Iron Duke at Waterloo which is to be presented to Lady French for her husband.

KILLED TEN GERMANS.



French boy scout, now a Zouave, greets an old friend. This young soldier estimates that he has killed ten Germans. His name is Pageauv.

"The only Cocoa I can digest"

This is the verdict passed upon Savory and Moore's Cocoa and Milk by those who are unable to take cocoa in the ordinary form. It is made from refined cocoa and pure country milk by a special process, which makes it perfectly easy of digestion even by the most delicate.

Savory and Moore's Cocoa and Milk is highly nourishing and of delicious flavour. It is of great benefit to all who suffer from digestive weakness, and it is an excellent thing to take the last thing at night, as it brings quiet, refreshing sleep. It requires only hot water.

TESTIMONY

"I am very pleased with the Cocoa and Milk, especially as it is the first time I have ever been able to take or retain cocoa of any sort, however prepared. This has been quite a revelation to me."

"I consider your Cocoa and Milk a preparation of exceptional merit, and though I have tried practically every known cocoa, it is the only one that gives me no discomfort. In the early morning I find a cup the very thing to 'freshen' me for the day, and as for the taste, I consider it lovely."

For those who prefer Coffee, Savory and Moore make a similar preparation of Coffee and Milk, which possesses just the same advantages.

Tins, 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d., of all Chemists and Stores.

SAMPLE FOR 3d. POST FREE

A Trial Tin of the Cocoa and Milk will be sent, by return, post free, for 3d. Mention "Daily Mirror," and address Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 1434, New Bond Street, London.

Calox

The Oxygen Tooth Powder

The moment Calox comes in contact with the moisture of the mouth, the teeth and gums are bathed in purifying oxygen, the bacteria of decay destroyed, the breath made odourless, the whole mouth cleansed and invigorated. Use Calox regularly, and increased beauty and regular usefulness for your teeth will be your sure reward.

CALOX SENT FREE

A postcard will bring you a generous-sized testing sample of Calox by return. Calox is sold ordinarily by Chemists at 1/- 1/6. Calox Tooth Brush strongly recommended by G. B. KENT & SONS, LTD., 75, Farnham Road, London, E.C.

HOW I DARKENED MY GREY HAIR.

Lady Gives Simple Home Recipe That She Used to Darken Her Grey Hair.

For years I tried to restore my grey hair to its natural colour with the prepared dyes and stains, but none of them gave satisfaction and they were all expensive. I finally came across a simple recipe which I mixed at home that gives wonderful results. I gave the recipe, which is as follows, to a number of my friends, and they are all delighted with it: To 7oz. of water add a small box of Orlex Compound, 1oz. of bay rum and a 4oz. of glycerine. Use every other day until the hair becomes the required shade, then every two weeks. It will not only darken the grey hair, but removes dandruff and scalp humours, and acts as a tonic to the hair. It is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off and does not colour the scalp. You can obtain these ingredients from your chemist and prepare it at home at very little expense.—(Advt.)

REAL GOLD

SHELL CAMEO RING.

Having purchased considerably below cost a Manufacturer's stock of Cameo Rings, we are able to make this astounding offer. These handsome Rings are exquisitely designed with beautifully cut Cameo, at the present time in the height of fashion and worn by both Ladies and Gentlemen. In fact, several leaders of Society have great faith in the Cameo Ring for its luck-bringing propensities. We will send this Ring securely packed and post free immediately upon receipt of P.O. One Shilling.

THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING FURTHER TO PAY, and we guarantee to refund your money in full if you are not entirely satisfied. Do not miss this exceptional opportunity. Send it today (with five shillings). You will be astounded.—W. R. LEYD & CO. (D.B. Dept.), 89, CORNWALLIS ROAD, LONDON, N.

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1915.

THE FUTURE OF "PHILOSOPHY."

IN ONE OF THE MANY Polar books—perhaps it was Sir Ernest Shackleton's—there was a page about the conversational practice of explorers in those grim deserts of ice. They talked about the things they were going to eat when they got home. They fed their imaginations daily on dreams of hot sausage rolls and copious meats with grease wrapped about them; and then with a sigh they turned to the meagre portion of messy soup or tinned stuff ready for them on return.

Is it better thus to revolve future relief in times of hardship, or to endure the present while it is there, without a thought of a doubtfully improved future?

We suppose that depends on each man's temperament. Some must dream, in order to do; and perhaps if you produced the Butlerian familiar quotation, and remarked that things are what they are, and that the consequences of them will be what they will be, and asked your fighting and knitting friends: "Why then do we desire to be deceived?"—it is probable that they would answer: "Because, while you are deceived, you have so much better a time of it!"

That answer might do for peace time. But here, in war, are we not supposed to be face to face with such reality as allows no deception, no evasion, no "nonsense" of whatever soothing quality? Now, if ever, it seems that we must know how things stand; or perish. Therefore we must confess it, if we feel that some of these anticipatory consolations daily offered us are delusive, and that we do not "desire to be deceived" by them.

Many pages would be needed if we were to report and remark upon all forecasts concerning the magical effect upon the future of a war that is devastating the present; but they are perhaps not inaccurately summed in those remarks, truly Bergsonian, proffered in Paris by M. Bergson the other day. Very amiable and very vague, M. Bergson has provided the younger generation in France—one of the few countries in history where ideas influence deeds—with a neo-platonic philosophy (or rather the absence of a philosophy) that stimulates mightily to action; and action, if we study the recent French literature, is the cry of all young men there. Necessarily so: for what is the good of speculating in ivory towers while the German big guns batter down the other towers of Soissons or of Rheims? For the moment action must prevail in France. And, to prevail there, no doubt its exclusive sanctity must be dogmatised by Frenchmen. But then? After the war? Shall disinterested thought and that reasonable dry light for which France is so justly famous be allowed to prevail again? No, surely: for then the newer generations, devoted to doing, will have no turn for thinking. They will welcome a Pragmatic Sanction—that dismal nonsense of an age devoted to deeds. They will rely upon instinct, out of principle, as perhaps, in practice, many of them rely upon it already.

But M. Bergson does not think so. He thinks that this Twentieth Century will be "the century of moral science" as the Nineteenth was the century of physical science. At the end of the war, all or most mechanism and materialism is to vanish and the rule of the philosophers is to begin.

What evidence there is for any of this we find it impossible to see. But then we remember those explorers and realise that M. Bergson is revolving problematical repasts. Only, when Sir Ernest Shackleton did back (the first time), he no doubt really enjoyed a sausage-roll or two; whereas we cannot but gravely doubt if M. Bergson will live to see the rule of the moral philosophers after a war which will have blown most of them to bits.

W. M.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

SCHOOL FRIENDS IN THE WAR.

IT IS WONDERFUL how we lose touch with our old school friends, only to be reminded of their existence in some dramatic way, as instanced by "W. M."

Out of all the dozens of boys with whom I was friendly at school, the years have left me just one, but he is the best of the lot, for we have tried our friendship in the only true way, by the test of time.

FRANKSHIP.

THE GERMAN IN BUSINESS.

YOUR correspondent, "One Who Knows Them," says: "Never trust a German, either in business, in love or in war." I have mixed with

your paper—friends that want to see it perfect. The one thing we all object to is your habit in ordinary news paragraphs of calling the German Crown Prince "the Crown Prince."

The little joke was all right as a description of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, when he was drawn as a clown, but in an ordinary news paragraph it is totally out of place and out of keeping with the high tone of the whole of the rest of your paper.

A. G. WELD.

Oxford.

FOR ROUTE MARCHES.

SOME of your numerous military readers might find the following wrinkle useful if they find the weight of their rifle uncomfortable on the shoulder-bone during the route marches. I

GEMS FROM BIG WILLIE'S SPEECHES—EXTRACT No. 3.

"MAY THE SULTAN, AND THE THREE HUNDRED MILLION MOHAMMEDANS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD WHO ACKNOWLEDGE HIM AS THEIR SPIRITUAL HEAD, REST ASSURED THAT AT ALL TIMES THE GERMAN EMPEROR WILL BE THEIR FRIEND"



Before the war, he announced himself as a sort of new Mohammed. The Turk, severely defeated, knows what that means now.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

Germans during a residence of over thirty years in Brazil, and, as far as "business" goes, my experience thoroughly confirms your correspondent's statement.

W. H. B.

Bournemouth.

PRAISE—AND A CRITICISM.

I HAVE HAD very much sorrow and trouble since this great war began, and I often think I should almost have died but for the interest and cheer your most admirable *Daily Mirror* brought into my life.

You give us all the important news without the consumption of time and the fatigue to the brain of a big paper, and your wonderful pictures fix the news in the memory. Your leading articles strike the truest, noblest tone of any paper in existence. Mr. Haselden's cartoons are irresistibly comical without being vulgar, as the German far less clever cartoons are.

In the one bit of adverse criticism I have to offer I am equally voicing the opinion of Oxford in general—it is the criticism of real friends of

put three pieces—Sin, by Sin—of ordinary wadding together, enclosed them in a thin material, stitched them all together from corner to corner and side to side to keep the wadding from moving, then sewed the pad thus made into the inside left shoulder of the tunic, beginning at the front of the shoulder seam.

It has been a great success.

J. M.

MYSTERY.

We saw the globe, we reap the corn.
We build the house where we may rest,
And then, at moments, suddenly,
We look up to the great wide sky,
Inquiring wherefore we were born...

For earnest, or for jest?

The senses folding thick and dark
About the stifled soul within.
We guess divine things beyond,
And yearn to them with yearning fond:
We strike out blindly to a mark
Believed in, but not seen.

—E. B. BROWNING.

BRITAIN AT WAR.

How the Months of Training Are Improving Our Young Men.

NO COMPLAINTS.

I JOINED Kitchener's Army on August 31 as a private, and have now, after a very short time, been promoted to rank of company quartermaster-sergeant. I am only twenty-two and a half.

In the ordinary way it takes one about twenty years to attain this rank.

It is a fine life for anyone, especially those used to offices. I was a clerk to a member of the Stock Exchange, but this life of training is really the making of young fellows.

PERCY MATHER.

ALWAYS CHEERFUL.

THE mud on Salisbury Plain is bad enough, but does not come up to that at the front.

The other day a soldier fell down in the mud in a trench and his pals walked over him, thinking that at last they had found a bit of terra firma, when, much to their surprise, they heard a voice at their feet say: "Ere! after you with me stum-mick!"

E. MASTERS.

IS NATURE "MALIGNANT"?

YOUR correspondent "Perdita" compares "Nature," as exemplified by the earthquake in Italy, to an elephant, and the poor peasants and priests slain to ants. And she asks: "Why were they in the way for the elephant to put his foot on? It was their fault."

Think again, "Perdita!"

Where would you have had them be? They didn't ask to be there, where the earthquake was. Had the "patient and pure" mother warned them of her approach, no doubt they would have escaped the tread of her very elephantine foot. They didn't know. And consequently they had to relapse into her rather rough "embrace."

How does "Perdita" know that many of the "souls" in that earthquake did not "love nature"? Why "Perdita" might have been there herself! May I say it?—your correspondent is confusing visible Nature, which we all love—those trees and animals which are as much the victims of Necessity as we—with the blind and indifferent Process that knows neither good nor evil, and that spares, in her convulsions, the manufacturer robbing a church, while she slays the priest raising the chalice over the kneeling crowd in it.

TROVATA.

DOES "Perdita" realise that most of modern life is the story of man's struggle against nature?

"Shall man pit his puny strength?" she asks, and so on. Certainly he shall, does and must. What else is he doing when he finds the remedy for sleeping sickness or the vaccine that makes him immune from typhoid?

Nature cares little whether a man or a germ lives. It is "up to" man to see that he conquers the germ.

G. M. E.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 19.—Lavender is found in most gardens, but it should be more widely cultivated. Even at this dull season of the year it looks attractive. Rosemary, too, is beautiful at all times. This shrub is rather slow in growth, but it is long-lived. It may be easily raised from layers or cuttings. Planted against a sunny wall, it looks very pretty, for here its flowers and foliage produce an extremely pleasing effect. Rosemary and lavender should be often seen set with red roses or scarlet tulips.

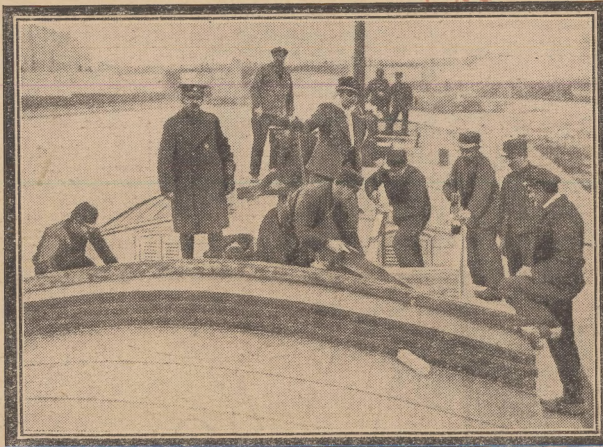
A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.—Addison.

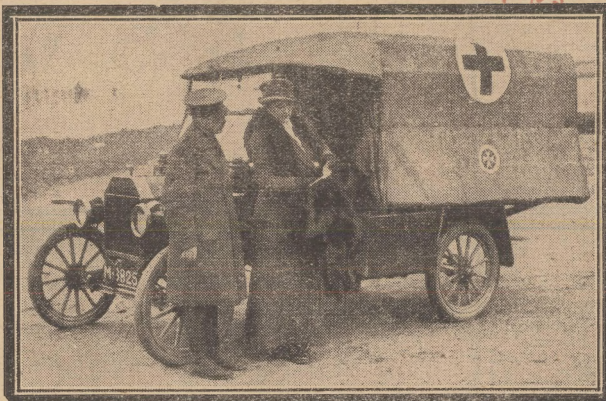


At the helm of her barge.

Miss Maxine Elliott, the beautiful actress, is doing good work at the front. She has had a barge fitted up and travels on it up and down the Yser Canal with food and clothing for the unfortunate people who have had their



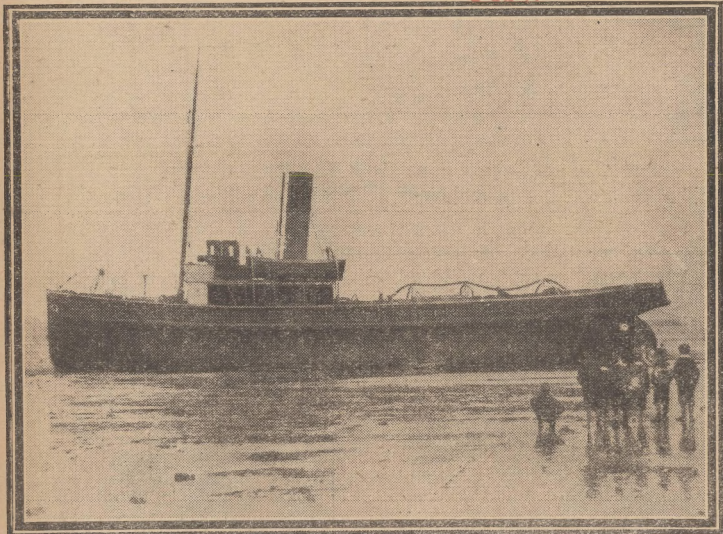
Superintending the fitting up of the barge.



Instructing the driver of her Red Cross car.

homes destroyed by the ruthless Huns, while she also has a Red Cross ambulance motor-car. Miss Elliott is an American and a great favourite with London audiences.

BRIDEGROOM AND HIS BEST MAN GO DOWN WITH THEIR SHIP. P. 16893



The ill-fated Char. The picture was taken when she was aground at Hartlepool. She sank after a collision with an oil-tank steamer while on patrol duty off Deal, and all her crew of seventeen perished, including the two officers who are seen in the small picture. They had long wished to serve on the same vessel, and their wish was granted when the war broke out.



Lieutenant R. P. Melrose, commander of the Char, and Lieutenant H. W. Whittle, second in command (in circle). The former was best man at the latter's wedding at Ramsgate last November. Now both have been drowned.

The statue of Florence Nightingale in Waterloo-place in a few days will be right hand.

REMARKABLE P. 1616 J



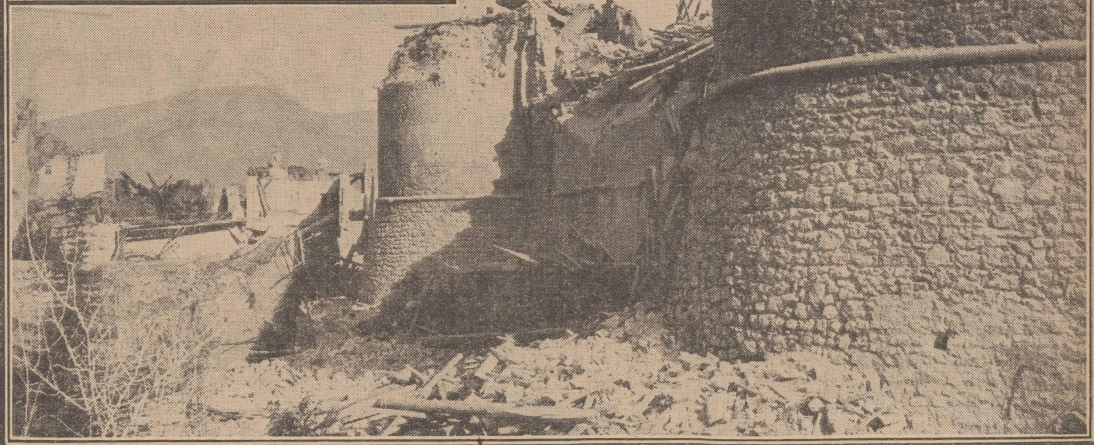
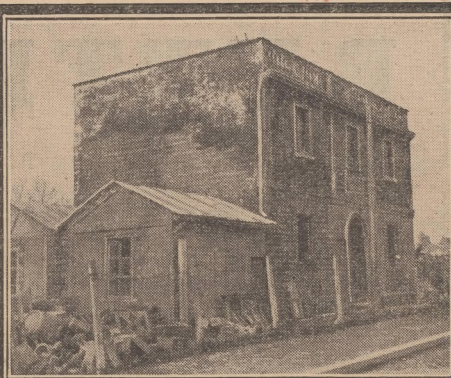
A motor-truck which fell off the roof of a water-tank. The driver was killed.

TRAGEDIES OF THE TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKE IN ITALY.

WHOLE PAGE 9.43E



gramophone horn and the
Daily Mirror photograph.)



Orsini Castle, Avezzano, which was built in 1400. Though it had walls 6ft. thick it was destroyed, whereas the house of reinforced concrete

(seen in the small picture) was undamaged. It is the only complete house left in the town.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



the country the men make their beasts of burden
photograph.)



A little girl guarding her wounded brother.
They have lost both father and mother.—
(Daily Mirror photograph.)



Digging for a cow which was buried under the ruins at Cappella.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



Girls' boarding school at Avezzano. A hundred and forty pupils were buried beneath the debris. One was saved, only to die.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

Entrench yourself against illness by taking BOVRIL

BRITISH TO THE
BACKBONE

S.M.R.



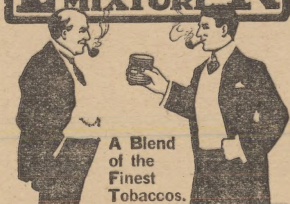
Tommy loves
"PRIDE OF CANADA"
MAPLE SYRUP

—and for its own sake as much as for
Tommy's you will love it too! Delicious
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Finest
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ALDERWOOD MIXTURE 5 1/2 d.
TWO HOURS MIXTURE 1 1/2 OUNCE 5d.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

AMBASSADORS. Harry Gattan's Whity Revue, "ODDS
AND EVENS," at 8 preceded by Mme. Hanako and
Japanese Players in "OTAKE," at 8.30. Mats, Thurs.
and Sat., 2.30. Tel. Regent 2890.

DAILY'S, Leicester-square. TO-DAY, at 2 and 8.
Mats, Weds, an. Sat., at 2 Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS'S
Production, A COUNTRY GIRL. (Special Reduced Prices.)
DRURY LANE. SLEEPING BEAUTY BEAUTIFIED.

George Graves, Will Evans, Bertalan Wallis, Renee Mayer.
Box-office open all day. Gerrard 2538.

DUKE OF YORKS. TO-DAY, at 2 o'clock.
CHARLES FROHMAN presents PETER PAN, by J. M.
Barrie. 11th Year. MATINEES EVERY DAY, at 2, and
THURSDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS, at 8.

GLOBE. TO-DAY, 2.30. Evns, 8.15. Mat, Wed, Sat, 2.30.
MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR in PEG O' MY HEART.
HAYMARKET. 2.30 and 8. THE FLAG LIEUTENANT.

ALLAN AYNSWORTH, ELLIS JEFFREYS, GODFREY
TEARLE. Mat, Weds, Thurs, Sat, Prices, 1s to 7s. 6d.
HIS MAJESTY'S. CHRISTMAS PRODUCTION.

DAVID COFFERTIE. D.
TO-DAY, at 2 and 8. Matinee, Weds, and Sat., at 2.

HERBERT TREE. EVELYN MILLARD.
KINGSWAY. At 2.30 and 8. Mats, Weds, Sat., 2.30.
THE DYNASTY, by Thomas Hardy. Abridged and pro-
duced by Granville Barker. LAST 12 PERFORMANCES.

SPECIAL MATINEES. To-morrow and Jan. 22, 26, 29, 29,
at 2.30. LE CLOITRE, by Emile Zola. Chasfen Carlo
Liden as Don Balbazar. Mlle. Marie de Nye. M. G.
Grommelnyck, G. de Warfraz, Yves Renaud. Jules Delacoe,
R. Deterlin, L. Vallon, A. Legrand. KINGSWAY

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TWICE DAILY, at 1.30 and 7.0.

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WONDERFUL CAST OF STAFF ARTISTS.

100 BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN IN BABYLAND BALLET.

Verdict of Press and Public.

"THE GREATEST PANTOMIME EVER STAGED."

HIS Majesty's Forces and Nurses admitted at special prices.

War Prices: Gal., 6d.; Bal., 1s. 6d.; G. Circle, 2s. 6d.
4s., 5s. Special offer to the public: 500 luxurious Reserved
Seats at 2s. 6d. (no booking fees). Patrons, 4s. and 5s.
49 Boxes, 5s. to £3 2s. Children at special rates to all
performances. Seats reserved from 2s. 6d.

Box-office, 10 to 10. Telephone, Holborn, 6,840.

LYRIC THEATRE. THE EARL AND THE GIRL.

TO-DAY, at 2.30. Evening at 8 (except Monday).

Matinees, Mon., Weds, Thurs, and Sat., at 2.30.

PALLADIUM. DIK WHITTINGTON. Matinees only.

Clarence Mayne, Harry Weldon and Co. of 150.

THE BRIGHTEST and FUNNIEST. Popular Prices.

PLAYHOUSE. EVERY DAY, at 2. Lessee, Mr. Cyril Maude.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.

Popular Prices. Tel. City 5182, Gerr. 3970.

ROYALTY. THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME.

TO-NIGHT, at 8.15. MAT, THURS, SATS, 2.30

ST. JAMES'S. THE KING AND QUEENS.

A New Play by Rudolf Besier. TO-DAY, 2 and 8.

GEORGE ALEXANDER. MARIE LOHR.

Matinee, Weds, Sat., at 2. Box-office, Gerr. 3903.

SCALA. SPECIAL RUSSIAN WEEK. TWICE DAILY,
2.30 and 7.30. WITH THE FIGHTING FORCES, in
KINEMACOLOR, including ANIMATED WAR MAP.
Imperial Russian Ballet. LYDIA YAYORSKA.
SHAFTESBURY. F. R. BENSON and Co. in

TO-DAY, at 2 and 8. Mats, Weds, Thurs, Sat., at 2.

STRAND THEATRE. MISTRESS WILFUL.

TO-DAY, at 2.30. To-night, at 8.

JULIA NEILSON and **FRED TERRY.**

Matinee, Wed and Sat., 2.30. Tel. Ger. 3830.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE. At 3 and 8.45. OUR BOYS.

Presented, at 2.30 and 8.15, by "A Man of Ideas."

MATINEES, WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 3.

ALHAMBRA. THE ALHAMBRA REVUE

(Including Robert Hale's burlesque pantomime).

Varities, 8. Revue, 8.30. Mat, Weds and Sat., 2.30.

HIPPODROME. DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.30. New Revue.

BUSINESS AS USUAL. VIOLET LORAIN, CANTY

MORE. CHRISTINE SILVER, HARRY TATE, MORRIS

HARVEY. AMBROSIO THORNE, VIVIAN FOSTER.

PALACE. Christmas version of THE PASSING SHOW,

with Bransby Williams, Basil Hallam, Nelson Keys, Owen-

doline Brogden, Mado Minty, Lewis Sydney (new scenes,

new songs, Tableau, "Le Reve"), Albert Whelan. War

Pictures, 10.50. Passing Show, 8.30. Matinee, Wed. and

Sat., at 2.

PALLADIUM. 8.10 and 9. LITTLE TICH, RUTH VIN-

CENT, HETTY KING, MAIDIE SCOTT, MARY MAY-

FREN and Co. FARE and FAIRLAND, etc.

MASKELYNE and DEVANTS MYSTERIES. St. George's

Hall, Oxford Circus, W. NEW CHRISTMAS PRO-

GRAM. DAILY, at 2.30. Santa, 1s. to 6s.

PHILHARMONIC HALL. R. C. KNOWLES will Lecture

Twice Daily, at 3 and 8. IMPERIAL INDIA in Kinema-

color, compiled by Charles Urban. Prices, 1s. to 5s.

Mayfair, 6830 and 3003.

PERSONAL.

WRITE.—Scouring country worst. Committee bitter.—

Bert.

DOROTHY.—Letter received. Address "street," not

square.—Percy.

"FORGET-ME-NOT" winners: Miss Miller, 20, Montpel-

terrace, Edinburgh; Miss Morris, 18, Wellington-road,

Otton, Birkenhead.

HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity:

ladies only.—Florence Wood, 105, Epsom-st., W.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

A.—Can you sketch? If so you can make money by it.—

Stamp for book at T. Howard, 11, Red Lion-sq., W.C.

A MAN of good appearance and address Wanted to re-

present a first-class Company: good remuneration and

prospects of early promotion to a profitable man with good

references.—Write M. 1321, "Daily Mirror," Bouverie-st.

CINEMA, Stage, Music Halls, beginners write, free guide.

Everything explained.—Graham's, 825, Kensington-lane.

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PHEASANTS! Pheasants!! Pheasants, 5s. 9d. brace;

4 partridges, 4s.; 3 hazel hen, 3s. 6d.; 2 wild duck,

4s.; 2 teal, 3s.; 2 chickens, 5s.; 4 larger size, 5s.; 2

hare and pheasant, 5s. 9d.; hare and 2 chickens, 5s. 6d.;

all carriage paid—All birds trusted.—Frost's Stores, Ltd.,

279 and 281, Edgware-st., London, W.

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THIS FINE STORY IS A BIG SUCCESS. BEGIN IT TO-DAY.

Just Like Other Men

The Cross Currents of a Girl's Love.

By ALEXANDER CRAWFORD

"She is a woman, therefore may be won."

New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

JEAN DELAVAL, a charming, clear-headed, sincere girl of twenty-four, whose only relative is her father, Robert Delaval.

LIONEL CRAVEN, a straightforward young Englishman of twenty-eight, who is not given to subterfuge and detests anything underhand, but he is a bit inclined to be hot-headed.

ASHLEY CRESWICK, his half-brother. He is a moneylender, and is as unlike Lionel as possible. His wife has a big influence over him.

FAY CRESWICK, Ashley's wife. A shrewd, hard scheming woman, with a deceptive charm of femininity.

DEREK TRENCH, Lionel Craven's friend and partner. He is a much more shrewd and capable person than his good-humoured appearance would suggest.

LIONEL CRAVEN is stretching his long limbs in a deck chair on a liner which is coming over from South Africa, and is about a girl on board who interests him profoundly.

He does not know anything about her—not even her name. She is very different from the girls he has met with the other passengers. All that he can see is that she is entirely charming to look at, although her expression is a little wild at times.

He can see her now from where he is sitting, a charming figure dressed simply in brown holland with breezy-blow hair, beautiful profile, a grace which holds his gaze fascinated. Day after day he has become more enthralled by her beauty and personality.

Lionel Craven's day-dreams are interrupted by his friend and business partner, Derek Trench. Derek is not so tongue-tied as Lionel, and he brings excellent news.

"I've found out all about her," he says excitedly. "Her name is Jean Delaval, and she is one of the Delavals of Delaval. You know the sort of thing—poor and proud. She is a governess to the Hepsteins and has refused an offer of marriage from young Hepstein, who is heir to millions. She is coming back to her father, who is very ill."

Lionel Craven is very silent. "You seem very interested," remarks his friend. "Oh, yes," replies Craven quietly.

"It's like this, Derek," he goes on slowly. "I've fallen in love with this girl—wholeheartedly, madly, I've often heard of love at first sight—well, it's happened to me, that's all. If I don't marry Miss Delaval, I shall very soon go mad."

Derek Trench is a little staggered, but realising that Lionel is in grim earnest, he contrives to introduce them.

At first Jean Delaval cannot make Lionel Craven out. It seems to her that he is making friends too quickly—that he holds her friendship too cheaply. She tries to avoid him, as he has assumed a sort of air of proprietorship, and people are gossiping.

When Lionel Craven, thoroughly miserable, asks what he has done, she tells him peevishly and frankly what she thinks, and adds, "I thought you were different from the rest of the men, but you are all alike."

Lionel Craven is equally straightforward, and eventually he convinces Jean Delaval of his sincerity. They have much in common, and a sort of the girl, who is charmingly sympathetic, of all his plans, and of how he is going to England to borrow £5,000 from his father's capital for a cotton-growing scheme.

One night, when they are nearing Madeira, Lionel asks Jean Delaval to marry him. "I love you—greatly," he says. "It's impossible," she cries tremulously. "You hardly know me," Lionel pleads passionately, and the girl, who knows that in him she has met the one man amongst all men for her, finally consents.

They are forced to say good-bye to each other at Southampton for a time, but Jean promises to write to his club address in London.

Lionel goes straight to his half-brother, Ashley Cresswick, in Kensington. Lionel tries to borrow the £5,000, but meets with a rebuff. In the middle of the argument, Mrs. Cresswick's maid comes in. She is a smart, well-dressed woman, but has rather cruel eyes. Laughingly, she apologises for interrupting, but says that she must take her husband away for a minute or two. Lionel is left in the lurch.

When husband and wife are together she asks him what it is that Lionel wants. Ashley Cresswick tells her. "You must be mad," his wife says. "Why should you lend money to a young man like that?"

Ashley Cresswick then confesses that he has robbed Lionel of his inheritance. He thinks it better to get Lionel out of the country again.

"Who knows about the will?" asks Fay Cresswick. "The old Scottish laird named Delaval, I am foreclosing on. He is bedridden, but he has a daughter named Jean in South Africa," replies her husband.

"Then why worry?" his wife argues. "Lionel cannot possibly have met her."

As they are talking a maid brings a card in. "A Miss Delaval to see Mr. Cresswick," she says, and adds, "She is in the country again."

The situation is a critical one, but by clever manoeuvring Fay gets Lionel into another room. There she gets from him the love story he has been telling her, and she says, "What is her name?" she asks. "Jean Delaval," he replies.

A PERILOUS MOMENT.

MRS. Cresswick raised her head suddenly. If the light had been better or the man opposite more observant he would have seen the quick catching of her breath. "Jean Delaval," she repeated.

There was something at least in the tense question which made him ask excitedly: "You know her?"

But Mrs. Cresswick's head had sunk again, though the hands on which her cheek rested were clenched more tightly than ever.

"The name seemed to strike a chord for the moment," she replied. "I was at school with a girl named Deverall."

There was no need for her to bite her lip with so much chagrin at her carelessness—the man was singularly obtuse—but in her anxiety to allay any possible suspicion she had aroused she overacted her part and went too far in the other direction. It must have been obvious, for Lionel noticed that.

"Now I have bored you," he said. "Bored, my dear boy! I was never so interested in anything in my life. But didn't she tell you anything about herself or her friends?"

"No; she was awfully reticent, don't you see, and I didn't like to seem inquisitive. It would have looked as if I didn't trust her."

And did you? "Of course," he answered. "Why?"

"What a question to ask! You simply know when you can trust anyone, and I trust Jean as I'd trust you or any other good woman."

"Of course," said Mrs. Cresswick gently. She rather wanted to laugh, but she checked the impulse and held out her hand.

"If you help me up all that," she began. Lionel took her grasp cordially. "You're a brick, Fay," he broke in with emotion. "If you only knew how much I've wanted someone to help me."

"I'm only too glad. A woman can help so much better than a man. But you must promise not to do anything without telling me."

Rather, he cried.

Mrs. Cresswick rose and stood at the door for a moment, watching him as he sat gazing into the fire, but she closed it again quickly. A distant sound had reached her ears—the sound of steps in the hall and of a woman's voice ringing out clearly and decisively. The old inscrutable smile had left her face, and in its place there was a look not far removed from terror.

For Lionel had risen suddenly to his feet, almost standing in an attitude of strained attention.

"Who is that down there?" he asked hoarsely.

Directly Fay Cresswick heard Miss Delaval's voice in the hall, and knew by Lionel's trembling excitement that he, too, had recognised the unmistakable intonation, she exerted her really remarkable powers of duplicity to their full stretch.

It was all the harder for her to laugh him out of his conviction that he had heard the voice of the woman he loved because lying on the Chippendale table at his very elbow was the girl's card.

Fay had dropped it there in that anxious, excited moment when she was urging her husband to pull himself together and go downstairs to the library. It seemed now to her an imagination to have become the most conspicuous object in the room. A half-turn of Lionel's head and he could not fail to see it.

Yes, he saw it, and the only expression on her face was one of amused wonderment.

"Why, my dear boy, whatever is the matter with you?"

Lionel strode towards her as though he would be the first to unceremoniously, but she stood firmly persistent, with her back to the door. This would have been her opportunity to rescue the tell-tale visiting card, but she was not going to invite the greater danger of letting him out of the room.

"Who is that down there?" he demanded fiercely.

"Really, Lionel," she began with a little laugh. "Why, who do you think it is?"

"Let me go out. It is she. It is Jean Delaval."

Fay Cresswick's courage came back suddenly as she heard the slamming of the hall door and knew that the danger was passing.

"You really must pull yourself together, Lionel," she said. "You've got that girl on the brain. I wonder what Ashley would have said if you had gone charging down the stairs!"

"Then who was it?" repeated Lionel. As the recollection of the voice he had heard faded more and more with each minute that passed the absurdity of believing such a miracle could happen as Jean Delaval coming to his brother's house was borne in strongly upon him, and he spoke as if ashamed of his foolish agitation.

Well, if you must know," said Mrs. Cresswick. "It was Mrs. Montgomery. If you don't believe me, her card is over there."

She walked quickly to the Chippendale table, snatching up Jean Delaval's card with one hand as she opened the drawer with the other.

If it was further proof, if such were needed, of her wonderful presence of mind that even in a moment of such peril she could remember whose card it was lying at the top of the box she placed before her husband.

Lionel stared at it blankly. "I'm sorry I made such a fool of myself," he spoke.

Ashley entered the room as he said. His face set in a little smile, but there was a self-satisfied smile about his lips as if he had been successful in extricating himself from serious danger.

Husband and wife exchanged a significant glance.

"Has Mrs. Montgomery gone? What did she want?"

"Oh, the usual thing," replied Ashley, "subscriptions. She's a positive nuisance."

Mrs. Cresswick turned to Lionel. "We're dining half an hour earlier this evening. You won't be late, will you?"

"The time she goes was quite unmistakable, and her brother-in-law, making some reply with forced cheerfulness, turned and left them."

A STRANGE INTERVIEW.

WHEN Ashley Cresswick had walked softly into the room to see Jean Delaval he had recovered his self-possession. There was something irresistibly suggestive of a cat in the quiet, steadily tread on the thick carpet.

His face was pallid from his fright, but Jean Delaval, who saw him now for the first time in her life, thought only with an increase of aversion that it was his natural colour.

The girl was seated stiffly on the edge of a chair. She rose as he approached and gave him the slightest of bows, apparently without noticing the outstretched hand.

Nevertheless, she did not fail to observe the quick, startled glance he had cast round the room when he entered or the easy smile of self-satisfaction that seemed to pass across his thin lips.

"Mr. Cresswick?" In spite of her quiet self-command, there was a nervous tremor of the lips as she framed the name. Ashley Cresswick was quick to notice signs of weakness, and the sang-froid of a shrewd business man returned to him, steadying his nerve for the dangerous encounter.

"So you are the daughter of my old friend Delaval," he began suavely. "I had no idea."

"Shall we lay aside our masks, Mr. Cresswick?" she said coldly. "I have not come to discuss pleasanties."

Ashley Cresswick nodded gravely. There was a painful look on his face as if he had recovered an injury which hurt him in spite of his readiness to forgive.

"I understand, of course," he said. "That, perhaps, would be too much to expect; still, although I can understand it, I am truly sorry you should choose to take up a hostile attitude at the very outset. It makes what I hoped might be a reasonable discussion rather difficult. Don't you think so? Won't you sit down?"

Jean Delaval obeyed aggressively. It was easy for the astute man who followed her example and sat opposite, looking at her through half-closed eyes, to see that she was almost painfully on her guard, determined to give nothing away that would compromise the case she had come to plead.

"There's no question of a hostile attitude, Mr. Cresswick," she replied; but when you speak of the man you intend to ruin as your 'old friend' I say please don't add hypocrisy to your aversion. My father is ill."

Yes, I know. At the risk of further abuse from you I may say I was sincerely sorry to hear it."

Miss Delaval took no notice of the interruption beyond an indignant flash of her brown eyes. "I have come here to see what I can do to take the burden off his shoulders."

Ashley Cresswick glanced at her curiously. He was wondering how ill Delaval really was and how much he had confided to his outspoken daughter. So far she had given no sort of hint of any knowledge.

If, indeed, she knew the secret of Lionel's inheritance, she was not the frank, honest girl she seemed, but a consummate actress. He had a difficult game to play until he got a clue to the cards she held.

"Do you think that is wise?" he asked contemplatively. "Why don't you employ a solicitor?"

"I may as well say I have been to a solicitor and he has advised me that my father cannot resist your claim. If you choose to insist you can foreclose on 'Craigie Heugh' and the rest."

(Continued on page 11.)

OUR NAVY.

A HOUSEWIFE'S APPRECIATION.

Nowhere does the splendid work of our Navy in guarding our coasts meet with such approval as amongst those who have to economise.

A housewife whose three sons are taking their part in keeping open the Fisheries and Trade Routes expressed enthusiasm at the thought of the table delicacies she could still provide for her younger children and her husband.

Amongst these, the ever-popular "Topmast" Sardines provided the most wonderful example. Taken from the sea in huge quantities, they are conveyed direct to Norway, there preserved, packed in tins, and brought to England to be enjoyed in thousands of British homes all over the kingdom.

A few coppers will obtain a large tin of about 20 "Topmast" Sardines. All grocers, stores or dealers stock them, and will give money back if not perfectly satisfied.

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A DELIGHTFUL BEVERAGE

Coffee making at home is always difficult, and not always successful. With "Milkmaid Brand" Café au Lait there is no difficulty—it simply requires the addition of boiling water. Try a tin today, but be sure it is



Not an essence or anything of that sort, just the finest Coffee made with milk and sugar in correct proportions as served in France.

DELICIOUS. SUSTAINING. ECONOMICAL. Sold in 44d. and 70d. tins by all Grocers and Stores. Large sample tin sent free on receipt of name and address of Grocer and 5d. for postage.

"MILKMAID BRAND," B DEPOT, 6-8, E/S/CHAP, LONDON, AND BRANCHES.



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In furthering the cause of the country by supplying Knitted Garments to our soldiers and sailors it is necessary for you to have the wool which will help to make the maximum number of garments in the minimum of time. My Wool is manufactured from Long Staple Yarn, and has been thoroughly shrunk, so that all danger of the garment shrinking is eliminated. The material is of an elastic nature and is easily handled, evenly woven, strong, clean and free from all blemishes so irritating to the knitter.

Straight from the Manufacturer to Your Home.

We guarantee quality and can supply the Wool, specially prepared for Knitting Socks, Mittens, Hosiery, etc., for Army wear at moderate prices.

Wool for Socks ... Per lb. 3/6 (Natural Grey)

.. Bodybells ... 3/6 (in Khaki)

.. Scarves ... 4/11 (Navy Grey)

.. Helmets ... 4/11 (Khaki)

.. Scarves (better quality) ... 4/11 (Navy Khaki)

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WINTER SALE

Special Value in Cardigan Jackets.

Knitted Washable Jackets, as illustrated. Extra warm for severe weather.

Excellent for those in the Trenches or Special Constables.

Brown, Navy, Maroon, Grey, and Black. Actual value 6/6. Sale Price

4/8 ea. (55/- doz.)



Baron "Jimmy" as Interpreter.

I see that Baron "Jimmy" Rothschild has been appointed an interpreter for English on the staff of the French Military Mission attached to the British Headquarters Staff. Since the war began "Jimmy" has been, in technical language, "un soldat territorial au 19me escadron du train des équipages militaires," but now that he has been promoted he will probably be much more useful—chefs are more numerous than really authentic interpreters.



Baron James Rothschild.

No Racing Now.

Baron James Rothschild, who is as well known in Paris as he is in London, is a prominent member of the Travellers' Club, and has more than once led his horses off the racecourse at Longchamps and Chantilly with the cheers of the populace ringing in his ears.

The Antipodean Way.

They have a snappy way all their own of reporting events in Australia. The following I quote from the *Sydney Bulletin*: "The Blank-Dash wedding occurred at St. Joseph's on Saturday; and the guests assembled at Mon Repos, when the worst was over. About a hundred of them were fed in a marquee at one of those misallied breakfasts, which begin at about 4 p.m. and consist of all the things with which no respectable people ever do break their fasts. However, this is no time for carping. The bride looked as a bride should."

Quite Successful.

"Two young sisters did the bridesmaid-like veterans, and D. (I am afraid I give the real names), in the role of best man, spoke his lines well, and generally, evinced a good deal of latent talent. Mr. H— wore trousers and an exquisitely-cut coat, of the tail order, and his wife looked divine in a suit of oyster-grey cloth, surmounted by a duck of a shawl hat."

Parisians "Douse the Glim."

"La Ville Lumière," following the example of London, is taking as its model "The City of Dreadful Night." The Prefect of Police has just advised Parisians that, as they are in a state of siege, private citizens must follow the example of the public authorities, and "douse the glim" from nightfall till morning. "Curfew law," in all its dismal rigour, must be observed, and the lights in apartments must be rendered invisible from the outside by means of double curtains or closed shutters. It is whispered that one of the reasons for this Draconian measure is the unpleasant impression made on soldiers returning from the trenches, and finding the boulevards indecently cheerful.

Hard-Boiled Eggs in Trenches.

A French military surgeon who has just returned to Paris from the front has been telling all his friends that if they want to render the men in the trenches a real service they should send them as many hard-boiled eggs as possible. An egg, he says, once cooked, keeps admirably for several days. Besides, it is a capital preventative of dysentery, and the albumen it contains is a capital cure.

Remarkable Phenomena of Salisbury Plain

One of the Canadian troops who is suffering our glorious climate on Salisbury Plain writes asking me to record the following amazing facts: "The sun shone this (Sunday) morning," he says. "It was the first time within memory. Further, up to the present (2.17 p.m.) it has not rained on this 17th day of January, A.D. 1915." Then he adds a P.S., in case we should be too incredulous: "It snowed hard this morning."

1915 Coinage Arrives.

There must have been some hustling at the Mint lately. Yesterday I found a 1915 shilling among my change—and the year not yet three weeks old. As a rule, if my memory serves, one never used to come across the New Year's coinage until the end of March.

A Problem.

Overheard outside a shop in Oxford-street. Woman (who is looking at some war photographs, to a friend): I know we're fighting with the French against the Germans, I know Russia's having trouble with the Turks, but who are the "Alleys" we hear so much about?

Good-Bye, Mr. Promoter.

I suppose it is only a revivour and not goodbye for ever, but all the same, the company promoter has been going, and now has gone. The new Treasury regulations deal a death-blow to the company financier. Not until the war is over—if ever again—shall we see the wonderful man who, by a little juggling and much persuasiveness, could buy a business for £100,000 and sell it in a few days' time to the public for £200,000. Fortunate promoter! Unfortunate public!

Now Peddles Books.

Four years ago I knew of a block of flats in Maida Vale where most of the residents were either promoters or on the Stock Exchange. Last night I paid a visit out of curiosity. I could only trace seven of them; but seven who were noted for their spending capacity and gorgeousness. One of them is in the Army, two are clerks, two are living on their savings, one still haunts the Stock Exchange and one peddles books.

"Private Stephen Gwynn, M.P."

Private Stephen Gwynn, M.P., of the Irish Brigade, sounds strangely somehow to the ear. But this is the Galway City member's way of showing his keenness to do his share, although he is over the age limit, and to help little Belgium back to her own—the necessity of which he so strongly emphasised at a war meeting the other night.

Health for Law-Makers.

Mr. Gwynn has always been a man of original ideas. Not long ago he made suggestions as to how an M.P. might be healthy. "Why should it not be possible to get exercise within call of a division bell?" he said. "Why limit the possibilities of recreation to walking on the terrace, playing chess or draughts, taking a bath or getting one's hair cut?" The French plan of a *salle d'armes* appealed to him, he added. Fencing would be excellent exercise for "respectable middle-aged men," while the Speaker's daily practice in the art suggested a high parliamentary sanction.

Zulus of Europe.

Have you ever heard of the Huzule? I am bound to confess that until lunch-time yesterday I was unaware of their existence, but I met at the club a rather famous traveller who knows almost every inch of the Carpathians and the mysterious folk who inhabit the Bukovina, now in the hands of our brave Russian Allies. My friend told me all about the Huzule, whom he describes as the Zulus of Europe, and from his anecdotes I should think he is about right, or a little more so.

Prud to Be Robbers.

Of mixed Ruthenian and Rumanian stock, the Huzule call themselves Oprysky, which can be roughly translated as robber chiefs. Robbery is, in their eyes, not only a desirable profession, but a very high art, and when a father wants to praise the diligence of his son he will say: "Ivan is a born liar and a splendid thief." Yet the Huzule is not without his pride. He will tell you that he is a direct descendant of the ancient Romans.

Same Word for Life and Love.

'As wonderful a musician as the Hungarian gipsy, the Huzule is also quite a poet, love being his chief theme. In fact, the same word in their dialect stands for life and love. A curious fact about them is that their women—who, by the way, are remarkably pretty—practise polyandry. They choose their own husbands, but their choice is not limited to one. This, however, does not lessen the respect that the Huzule has for his womenfolk. On the contrary, even when he speaks to the oldest dame in the village he always addresses her as *Molodytschka*, or "my well-favoured young miss."

Carpathian Robin Hood.

Their connection with England is very slight, yet they have that in the possession of a Robin Hood. He is the Huzule national hero; his name was Dobosch, and in true Robin Hood style he plundered the rich for the benefit of the poor. His haunt was the forbidding mountain known as the Czarna Hora, and after a charmed life against Austrian bullets, was killed by a jealous woman. Two more facts about them. The Huzule is the greatest dancer in Europe. He will dance all day and all night, and his national dance, the *Kolomeyka*, is said to be the most exhilarating thing of its kind in the world. Also when he dances he always keeps in his hand a little axe, with which he can floor any rival.

Eye-Witness M.P.

Official "Eye-Witnesses" at the front multiply so quickly that I shall not be a bit surprised if some news leaks through one day. The latest "Eye-Witness" (with the Canadians) is Sir Max Aitken, Unionist M.P. for Ashton-under-Lyne, who showed his quality at his first attempt at electioneering by winning the seat in 1910 from the Liberals.



Sir Max Aitken.

agent, and then astonished Canadians by bringing about the amalgamation of two banks. Later he reorganised the Montreal Trust and Deposit Company, of which he became vice-president, and before he was thirty gained the reputation of having "made a million." He came to England and gained the honour of knighthood when he was thirty-two.

Air Raid on "Daily Mirror" Office.

This football campaign of ours is real modern warfare. We were air-raided yesterday. I wasn't exactly prepared for that sort of thing, but I beat off the attack with footballs and promises. It was this way. There was a great noise of motor-cars in Boulevard, and before I quite realised what was happening there was the enemy right over our out-works and into the office demanding footballs.

Raiders Eat on Off.

They came four strong from the Royal Naval Air Service, four representatives of something over 400 men, seeking footballs to take out to the front when they go—which is very shortly. Well, we had a sharp tussle, and the raiders retired—with footballs. So we both won.

Total, 1,163.

For the rest of the day's fighting we more or less held our own. Reinforcements to the number of twenty-three arrived, also, as welcome, promises of more to come, and our total stands at 1,163. The attackers numbered over fifty, though, and some of them got through our lines—that is to say, we could not supply all applicants by return of post. Still, none of the boys at the front were disappointed, and when our promised reinforcements materialise—as I hope they will to-day—we shall be all square again.

Send Reinforcements. Urgent!

But we must make a huge effort if we are to beat off the applicants. More reinforcements are badly needed. We want thirty-seven to complete the 1,200, but that won't be nearly enough. Send more, and then more; "Tommy" deserves them.

Lost a 5ft. High "Football."

If you have ever seen a pushball you will find it hard to believe that one could ever be lost. It seems as difficult a task as mauling an elephant. The pushball is the football's overgrown, giant brother, a huge thing somewhere about 5ft. high. I have the tragedy of a lost pushball to tell.

It Bounced Away.

King Edward's Horse had a fine pushball, the pride of A Squadron. Sergeant-Major Rathbone of that squadron told me all about it the other day. The regiment is in training at Hunton Bridge, near Watford, and the men and the horses spent many a happy hour playing pushball—till there came the fatal day. The squadron was playing on top of a small hill near Watford when the giant ball bounded gaily away and began to bounce downhill.

Finder, Please Note.

At that moment the order came to cease playing and parade at once. The ball had to be abandoned at the call of duty, though at the earliest moment an orderly was sent in search of the errant giant. But it was never found. Nobody seems to know whether it bounced its bulky self, and A Squadron are left lamenting. So should any of you find a huge and bloated football lying lonely in a Hertfordshire lane, please return it to Sergeant-Major Rathbone at the address above. He and his squadron will thank you heartily.

THE RAMBLER.

SOME GOOD ADVICE BY A PHYSICIAN.

Here in England, where our damp climate compels us to eat heavy foods in order to keep our bodies warm, nearly everyone suffers with some form of stomach trouble. Many people take a little magnesia or pepsin when their stomach troubles them, and often they find no relief, and wonder why. The truth is, said a noted specialist recently, that nine-tenths of us suffer from stomach trouble simply because our tired digestive organs are overworked to such an extent that we cannot assimilate or digest the food we eat.

Magnesia or pepsin will sometimes give temporary relief, but they cannot effect a permanent cure. If you have a feeling of fullness after meals, bad taste in the mouth, dizziness, sour stomach, gas, indigestion, pain in the Colon or Bowels, go to your chemist and get an ounce or two of ordinary carmelum compound, and take from eight to ten drops in a tablespoonful of water three times a day after meals. It tastes pleasant, stimulates the appetite, and has a gentle, yet invigorating, action on the liver, which is excellent for those who are inclined to be troubled with constipation.

The first dose will promptly end the most miserable stomach distress, and in a few days' time your assimilative organs will be toned up and strengthened so that they will perform their work as nature intended. Even a stomach with a very weak stomach can then eat a hearty meal and digest it without the least feeling of discomfort.

Hundreds of people who have been unable to find relief from the usual old-time stomach remedies have found a permanent cure for their trouble in this simple recipe.—(Advt.)

Neuralgia Sore Throat

Neuralgic pain is most agonising, yet you can stop it instantly by applying Sloan's Liniment. Think of Sloan's Liniment whenever you have pain of any kind—it is the finest pain-killer that has ever been found. No need to rub it in—you just lay it on and the pain flies away.



Stopped Neuralgia, Toothache, Rheumatic Pain.

Mrs. M. Tilly, 9, Belmont Avenue, Southall, writes:—"My husband and I have used Sloan's Liniment with success for Neuralgia and Toothache respectively, also I have suffered with Rheumatic twinges in my right knee for over a year, but after applying Sloan's I feel no pain at all. We shall never be without it in future."

used Sloan's Liniment with success for Neuralgia and Toothache respectively, also I have suffered with Rheumatic twinges in my right knee for over a year, but after applying Sloan's I feel no pain at all. We shall never be without it in future."

Best for Sore Throats.

Miss Elsie Hopcraft, P.O. Aston North, Deddington, Oxon, writes:—"Sloan's Liniment is the best I have ever tried for sore throats, colds on the chest or bronchitis."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

KILLS PAIN INSTANTLY.

Gives instant relief from the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Sprains, Bruises, Stiffness, etc. The handiest home remedy. Best for any emergency and invaluable in scores of complaints for arresting pain and giving comfort and ease. Get a bottle to-day.

Sold by all chemists 1/4 and 2/3. Wholesale Depot: 86, Clerkenwell Road, London.



The "SOLDIER'S HUSSIF."

Every soldier must have one—A strong Waterproof Roll Wallet, fitted with pockets containing linen and metal buttons, large and small needles, bodkins, pins, stout thread, black and white cotton, two thimbles—everything for mending and sewing. Neat, and takes but little room—can be readily posted anywhere. Price only 2/6 from—

The Mutil Co., 12, Henrietta Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Just Like Other Men

(Continued from page 9.)

of his property in Scotland, and sell up an estate which has been in the hands of his ancestors for four hundred years. You can dispose of the property and you can kill my father as surely as if you stabbed him in the heart."

"Your appeal is for pity, then?"

"From you?" she retorted, with a scornful laugh.

For the first time during the interview she raised a flush on the pale cheeks of her father's persecutor.

"You gain nothing by your insults," he said, with suppressed anger. "I told you that before. You will pardon me if I don't quite see your object in coming here. You don't seem to know the elementary facts of the case."

"All that are necessary, I believe."

"You do not. I have been treated abominably by your father—dishonestly, in fact."

"That is a lie, Mr. Creswick."

"Please keep your temper, Miss Delaval; I am not making assertions I can't prove."

"You can't prove that my father is dishonest; a fool, if you like, certainly a fool to fall into the hands of a man like you. He borrowed £5,000 from you. In five years he has paid you £2,100 in interest, and he still owes you what he borrowed."

"One minute, please!"

"Do you dispute the figures, Mr. Creswick, or do you not?"

"I dispute nothing at the present moment; the matter is not one of figures. If it were I could say a good deal. I can say he offered as security a so-called castle—don't interrupt me—not worth the stones it is built of, and a handful of furniture, which would hardly set up a second-rate boarding-house at Brighton."

"You knew what it was worth."

"It sounds foolish to say so, but I did not. I first heard of Mr. Delaval as a Scottish laird with an historic mansion, and I lent him the money on his good name."

"Then of what do you complain?"

"That his good name was as illusory as the value of his castle. I am not saying it with the desire to be offensive; I am simply talking from the point of view of a man of business. Very well, then, even so I would not have been too hard on the man, but instead of meeting me honourably he chooses to threaten me."

"Threaten you? With what?"

"You don't know?"

"I know nothing but what I have told you."

"Then go back to your father and ask him, and you can also tell him, Miss Delaval, that I am not the sort of man to be threatened with impunity."

"Mr. Creswick, my father is too ill to discuss the matter at all. If you have any complaints of bad treatment to make, please tell me. I want to settle this business without reference to him."

"I don't quite understand, Miss Delaval. You have not said how you propose to settle. You say you don't dispute the claim, and you add, with unnecessary temper, that you make no appeal to my compassion. What is it you suggest?"

"Why I came here to-day, Mr. Creswick, was to ask you how long you would give me to pay the debt in full."

Ashley Creswick smiled grimly. "And how do you propose to pay it?" he asked.

"That is entirely my own business," she answered. "How long do you consent to give me to find the money?"

"The days of grace expire this day week. How long do you want?"

"I want a month."

"Very well, Miss Delaval, I will give you a month."

She stepped out into the hall with a cool bow. "Thank you, Mr. Creswick," she said. "I think that is all. In a month you shall hear from me."

There will be another dramatic instalment to-morrow.

NEWS ITEMS.

Send In Your Spare Razors.

Readers with spare razors are asked to send them to Mr. J. H. Ellis, Master Cutler, Cutlers' Hall, Sheffield, whence they will be sent to the front for the use of the troops.

Soldiers' Sunday Libraries.

As there are so many soldiers and sailors on furlough on Sundays in London, the Westminster Council has arranged to open two libraries from 3 p.m. to 8 p.m. on Sundays.

Tragedy in Battleship.

The tragic death in Chatham Naval Hospital was reported yesterday of Fleet-Paymaster Stuart O. Grant, who was found with a terrible bullet wound in his face on board a battleship in the Nore Command.

Four Hurt in Train Smash.

Three passengers—two men and a woman—and a guard were injured yesterday in a collision on the Great Eastern Railway at County School Station (Norfolk) between a passenger train and a goods train.

Widow's Plea to Formidable Survivors.

Mrs. Ching, of 14, Gloucester-road, Tottenham, appeals to survivors of the Formidable for any details concerning the last moments of her husband, Acting Leading Stoker John Ching, or of any message he may have sent her.

Richmond Park Tragedy.

While walking across Richmond Park yesterday afternoon between the Kingston and Kingston Hill gates a man and woman found in a plantation the body of a young man, of French appearance, with a revolver lying by his side.

Seven Hurt in Motor-Van Smash.

At Paddington yesterday a railway motor parcels van, coming out of London-street, struck an obelisk, ran on the pavement, smashed the windows of two shops and injured a soldier, while six other people were slightly hurt.

Road to France Made Harder.

All British passports issued to British subjects in the United Kingdom before August 5 last will become invalid on February 1, says a notice in last night's *London Gazette*, and after that date special papers will be necessary for people who wish to proceed to France or Belgium.

Mr. Bottomley on Empire Stage.

As many people could not gain admittance to the meeting at the Albert Hall last week when Mr. Horatio Bottomley made his recruiting speech, the directors of the Empire Theatre have offered him the stage of the Empire for fifteen minutes every evening next week for the purpose of making a patriotic appeal.

'CHASING AT GATWICK.

There was another excellent afternoon's sport at Gatwick yesterday when the Polkstone Club meeting was concluded, but the attendance was hardly satisfactory, considering the delightful weather. As on the opening day, favourites fared none too well. In the chief event, the Polkstone Steeplechase, Usury upset a presumed good thing in Sir Percy, and Safe Drunk, Mark Minor and Beau Bois also beat better-fancied candidates in their respective races. There will be no racing to-day or to-morrow, but, weather permitting, steeplechasing will be resumed at Windsor on Friday.

YESTERDAY'S RACING RETURNS.

1.30—Lydd Chase. 2m.—Safe Drunk (7-1, Dunn), 1; Popshup (4-1), 2; Milfoil (5-1), 3. 8 ran.
4.0.—Canterbury Hurdle. 2m.—Classic (6-4, Mr. J. R. Anthony), 1; Shine (11-2), 2; Loveland Lass (4-1), 3. 12 ran.
2.30.—Polkstone Chase. 3m.—Usury (10-1, H. Huxley), 1; Sir Percy (11-10), 2; Hampton Lad (6-1), 3. 8 ran.
3.0.—Westminster Hurdle. 2m.—Mark Minor (6-1, Parment), 1; Macnerry (9-2), 2; Orsini (7-1), 3. 15 ran.
4.30.—Novices' Hurdle. 2m.—Beau Bois (6-4, Hopper), 1; Paul Lamerie (5-2), 2; East (100-5), 3. 14 ran.
4.0.—Chatham Chase. 2m.—Joe Devlin (13-8, Hayes), 1; Chang (6-4), 2; Gay Mac (4-1), 3. 4 ran.



T. G. TILLEY

First-Class Petty Officer,
R.N. Patrol Steam Launch, writes:

"Phosferine is the right thing, and no mistake. I recommended it in our ship, and you should just hear what our Lads in Blue say in its praise. It gives them good appetites, good sleep, and good spirits. The work proved a bit nervy at times, but since my shipmates started taking Phosferine they have been as fit as fiddles. In the night watches round the guns they are as bright and alert as the most exacting officer could wish. They asked me to send you a line, as they thought it was only right you should know."

This robust and cheery sailor feels that his unflinching vigour, his unflagging efficiency, are directly due to the energising qualities of Phosferine—it enables the nervous system to resist all those shocks and strains which undermine the constitution.

Phosferine was invented by an English chemist, and has been manufactured by the same firm in London with British capital and British staff ever since its introduction.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see you get

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Backache
Influenza	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Rheumatism
Indigestion	Premature Decay	Faintness	Headache
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain-Fag	Hysteria
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anaemia	Sciatica

Phosferine has a world-wide reputation for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily, and at less cost than any other preparation.

SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE.

The **TABLET** form of Phosferine is particularly convenient for men on **ACTIVE SERVICE**, travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is needed.

The 2/9 tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, contains 90 doses, or nearly four times the 1/1½ size. Your sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets.

Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

DAILY BARGAINS.

Dress.

A TROUSSEAU, 28s.; 24 nightdresses, Dressing Jacket, Chemise, etc.; easy terms.—Mrs. Scott, 261, Whitechapel Rd.
SPORTS Knitting Wool for Army and Navy, 12oz. hanks, colours: khaki, navy and natural, 4s. 3d. lb.; 6lb. hanks, 4s. 11d. lb.; all post free;—Lay & Co., 24, Stone and Browning, Ltd., 50, Lower Thames-st., London.

Articles for Disposal.

A CUTLERY SERVICE, 50 pieces, 25s., celebrated A1 Silver plate, finest Sheffield knives, ideal wedding outfit, everything required, perfectly new;—approx.—Mrs. Bowles, 56, Second-avenue, Manor Park, Essex.

Wanted to Purchase.

ANY old False Teeth Bought, any kind, 1s. 3d. per tooth on volunteer to £2 on instal.—Bell's, Ltd., Leeds.
A BEAUTIFUL Tooth (old) Bought; call or forward by post; utmost value for return or offer made.—Messrs. Browning, 63, Oxford-st., London. Estbd. 100 years.
GENT'S Ladies' left-off Clothes; old fash. (cash); good prices.—Great Central Stores, 24, High Holborn, W.C.

CASH by Return for old Jewellery, artificial teeth (any condition), watches, sil or or plated articles, curios, Stanley and Co., 33, Oxford-st. London, W.

CASH-OFF Clothes—Uniforms, Teeth, Jewellery, etc.; best prices; buyers attend free; cash by return for parcels.—Myers, 36, Notting Hill-gate, W. Phone 1849 Park.
TO Those Wanting to Increase Their Gifts to War Charities—Sell for Cash your Old Gold, Gold Jewellery, Gold Watches, Gold Bracelets, Gold Chains, Gold Medals, Gold Trinkets, etc., to Frasers, the well-known and most reliable house, who purchase at highest prices or make offer by return; no transaction too large, none too small; reference Capital and Counties Bank—Fraser's (Jewellers), Ltd., Goldsmiths, Dept. 67, Prince-st., Ipswich. Est. 1853.

HOUSES TO LET.

MORTGAGES wanted comprising good, sound freehold and leasehold properties, London and suburbs preferred, for a large fund in hand, can be divided to suit requirements; liberal advances; moderate interest.—Apply Trustee, 11, Liverpool-st., Worthing.



"I likes using Chelly Blossom Boot Polish; it's lovely, an' so shiny an' black."

Havoc Caused by the Great Earthquake in Italy: Pictures

ARE YOU READING
'Just Like Other Men'
OUR GREAT NEW SERIAL?

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

ARE YOU READING
'Just Like Other Men'
OUR GREAT NEW SERIAL?

AIR RAID ON ENGLAND LAST NIGHT: BOMBS DROPPED ON FOUR PLACES.

9198



Yarmouth has had another visit from the Germans. On the first occasion it was cruisers which paid the call; now it is aircraft. Two persons were killed by the

bombs, one of them being a shoemaker named Smith. Here is a view of the popular East Coast holiday resort.

MME. POINCARÉ DISTRIBUTES TOYS.

P. 9198 B



Mme. Poincaré, the wife of the President, assists at the distribution of the toys and other gifts which were sent by American schoolchildren for the children of French soldiers and refugees. The distribution took place at the Hotel de Ville, Paris, where crowds of happy boys and girls assembled to receive their presents.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

LITERARY DIVORCE SUIT.

P. 4921 P



Mrs. Sherard, the woman novelist, whose pen-name is Irene Osgood, was granted a decree nisi yesterday against her husband, Mr. Robert H. Sherard, the author. The large picture shows the petitioner leaving the Law Courts. Mr. Sherard is seen in the circle.

MAN WHO PLAYED THE CLARINET.

Court Story of Player Who Had
Music Taken from Him.

ORCHESTRA EPISODE.

The story of a clarinet player in a touring
operative company who had his music taken
away from him during the performance of "Don
Giovanni" was told to Mr. Justice Bray and
a jury yesterday.

The clarinet player, Mr. James McRedmond,
unsuccessfully sued the J. W. Turner Opera
Company, of Nottingham, who he alleged had
wrongfully dismissed him.

Mr. David, K.C., for the plaintiff, said that
Mr. McRedmond was engaged at £2 10s. per
week to tour with the defendant company, the
engagement beginning on September 8, 1913.

There was a tour in South Wales beginning at
a place called Ferndale and ending at Centre, which
is short name for a town known as Centre
Extra, Rhondda.

During the tour, about October 25, it was de-
scribed as being pitched, and he was desired to
play low pitch. The necessary alteration to the
instruments could not be carried out, and appar-
ently the defendants made up their minds to dis-
pense with the plaintiff's services.

It was now alleged by Mr. McRedmond, and
so, that the plaintiff was dismissed because he got
intoxicated at Centre and used abusive language
and created a disturbance, but these allegations
were untrue.

After hearing the evidence, the jury, without
leaving the box, returned a verdict for the de-
fendants, and judgment was entered accord-
ingly.

TOOK HIS NOTES AWAY.

Mr. McRedmond gave evidence to support his
claim.

Mr. Maddox (cross-examining): Is it not a
fact that on one of the occasions a complaint
was made of your taking a little drop too much?

—No complaint was made at all.

I put it to you that all about the "low-
pitched" instruments is put forward to excuse
you for being dismissed for drunkenness?—No.

If the high-pitched clarinet player indulges in
franks in the middle of an opera it would hardly
be appreciated by the audience?—I do not un-
derstand what you mean by franks.

Suppose the clarinet player is drunk and
breaks out at odd times it would sound strange,
would it not?—If anybody was drunk he would
be turned out.

I suggest that you were turned out. If the
clarinet player is drunk it would be a little
awkward for the band?—It would be awkward for
anybody.

The first thing to do would be to take his music
away lest he should see double notes?—I do not
know what you mean.

They did take away your notes?—Yes.

This occurred after the first act of "Don Gio-
vanni"?—Yes.

His Lordship: Did you know your music had
been taken away so that you should not play?—I
think it was taken away so that it might make a
disturbance.

Did you make one?—No.

SCENE IN A ROOM.

After evidence by plaintiff's landlady at
Centre to say that he was sober at her house,
plaintiff's case concluded.

Mr. Victor Turner, manager of the defendant
company, said that during the interval after the
first act on the evening in question a commu-
cation was made to him by the proprietor of
the Grand Theatre, Centre, and on going below
he saw the plaintiff having a heated argument
with the conductor, and there were fifteen or
twenty people standing round.

The conductor said to witness: "This man is
drunk. I leave you to deal with him." Witness
asked plaintiff what he meant by it, and
he made no reply, but began to use bad lan-
guage.

Witness said the matter of the high pitch
and the low pitch instruments had nothing to
do with the dismissal of the plaintiff.

Mr. Paul Parau, conductor of the orchestra,
said that while the first act was in progress he
noticed the plaintiff's playing was faulty. Wit-
ness told him to leave off playing, and eventu-
ally he instructed the oboe player to close plain-
tiff's book.

TOO TIRED TO GET MARRIED.

The sequel to fourteen years of courtship was
heard at Glasgow yesterday, when £200 damages
were awarded to Miss Ellen Cook, a clerk for
breach of promise of marriage against John
Sinclair, a carting contractor, of Glasgow.

Defendant, it was stated, instead of keeping
his engagement to be married on a certain day
went home to bed as the weather was bad and
he felt tired.

RIGHT TO FORBID DACIA'S VOYAGE.

New York, Jan. 20.—Commenting upon the
report of Great Britain to allow the steamer
Dacia to deliver cargo in Germany, the Star
says Great Britain is within her rights in pro-
posing to test the good faith of this transfer of
a ship from German to American registry, and
it was better the question be settled as soon
as possible.

The whole question is whether the change of
registry is a bona fide one. If it is proved so
the Great Britain has no right to forbid the
Dacia on the high seas or to condemn her—
Central News.

"EARL, HEIR, HEIR AND A KENTUCKY BELLE." American Reporter's Version of Baby's Claim to Slingsby Estates Amuses Court—How Family Council Met.

Amusing cuttings from American newspapers
regarding "a strange tale of a disappointed
mother's attempt to pass off another's child as
her own as heir to a British earldom and vast
estates" were read, on behalf of the defence,
when the hearing of the Slingsby lawsuit was re-
sumed yesterday in the Probate Court.

The suit is to decide whether "Teddy," a
four-year-old child, is the rightful heir to the
considerable Yorkshire estates of the Slingsby
family at Scriven Park, Knaresborough.

Mr. Charles Henry Reynard Slingsby, the
present owner of the Slingsby estates, asks for
a declaration that "Teddy"—otherwise Charles
Eugene Edward Slingsby—is his real son.
The opposition to the declaration comes from two
brothers of Mr. Charles Slingsby, Messrs. Thomas
Witham and Allan Peter Slingsby, who contend
that "Teddy" is a changeling—the child of a
unmarried woman named Lilian Anderson, born on
September 1, 1910, at the surgery of Dr. W. W.
Fraser, Grant-avenue, in the Chinatown quarter
of San Francisco, and adopted by Mrs. Slingsby.

Mrs. Slingsby, who occupied a seat at the
back of the court, was dressed in a black velvet
costume, with a black hat. In the American
newspaper cuttings, she was described as "a
dashing Kentucky belle," and Mr. Slingsby's
father as "the earl."

The hearing was again adjourned.

WHAT "THE EARL" DID.

After the reading of further evidence taken
in the United States, Dr. Cummings Berkeley, of
Wimpole-street, W., was called.

He said he had read the evidence of two other
doctors concerning the physical condition of
Mrs. Slingsby soon after the alleged birth and
twenty-two months afterwards. They were just
the ordinary conditions and were not consistent
with a birth as alleged by the petitioner.

Allan Slingsby, a land agent, residing near
Knaresborough, stated that he was the third
son of the late Rev. Charles Slingsby and the
younger of the two brothers cited.

Witness was living at home at Scriven Hall in
1910, and both his father and mother were then
alive. He first heard of the birth of the son to his
brother Charles by the arrival of a telegram.

A FAMILY COUNCIL.

There was no expectancy of this birth in the
family. Witness discussed the matter with his
father and uncle, and the family solicitor was
instructed to institute inquiries.

His brother Charles was the only one at the
time married. His father died in 1911.

Mr. Duke: Who directed the first inquiries
that you know of?—My father. Mr. Thorn re-
ceived his instructions from an American
lawyer.

Counsel: He had for some time sent home
from California reports of the local newspapers
showing how this particular case was getting on
there?—I saw some copies of the American
papers.

Mr. Duke said he had one cutting to which he
desired to call the witness's attention. It was
taken from the San Francisco Chronicle, Decem-
ber 15, 1912, and it purported to be a statement
sent by Mr. Thorn.

Counsel read the extract, which described pro-
ceedings which were being taken with regard to
the estate of "Earl Slingsby" and his wife, and
it described Mrs. Charles Slingsby as a "dashing
Kentucky belle."

The report narrated the fact that Mr. and Mrs.
Slingsby came to San Francisco in 1910, and late
in August whilst Mr. Slingsby was away on busi-
ness he received a wire notifying the birth of a
heir.

"Earl" communicated with Attorney
Thorn, who began an investigation of the facts.
According to Thorn, the child born of Mrs.
Slingsby died at birth, whilst the father was away,
and in grief and disappointment she was thrown
upon the expediency of adopting another baby.

Accordingly an advertisement was inserted in a
San Francisco newspaper, and she received a reply
from a girl named Anderson. Mrs. Slingsby
eagerly accepted the child, and assured the right-
ful mother that it would never lack a good home.

Mr. Duke: Have you any reason to doubt that
Mr. Thorn furnished that information to the San
Francisco newspaper?—I do not know, I am sure.
I do not know what Mr. Thorn did.

Did he send a stream of reports which ap-

peared in the San Francisco newspapers at the
time?—Yes. There were several of the same
kind. I did not read them all.

Mr. Duke (cross-examining): When were you
first aware that the child was alleged to have
been born at San Francisco?—There was a tele-
gram, followed by a letter.

I suggest, that from time to time cuttings were
sent over from Mr. Thorn?—They were not
treated as being of any value. They were put in
the waste-paper basket.

Mr. Waugh: They are all curiosity as to
what they do in America.

Mr. Duke: What Mr. Thorn does?

Mr. Waugh: No; what the reporters do in
America. How they make mountains out of
mole hills.

Mr. Waugh then addressed the Court on be-
half of the parties cited and commented on
what he called discrepancies in Mrs. Slingsby's
evidence.

'ON CENSOR'S BLACK LIST.'

Belgian Accused of Divulging Secret While
Employed at War Office.

A remarkable story was told at Marylebone
Police Court yesterday, when a Belgian pro-
fessor of languages, a cripple named Emile
Jules Dupuis, was charged under the Official
Secrets Act. The charge against him was that,
"having in his possession certain information that
had been obtained by him, owing to his position
as a person who had been employed under a person
who holds office under his Majesty the King, he
did unlawfully communicate the said information
to one, Ruby May Davis, a schoolmistress, of
Endleigh-gardens, Regent's Park."

Mr. Bodkin said that prisoner had obtained
an appointment in the Censor's Department of
the War Office, through which letters from
neutral countries passed, by representing that
he was in straitened circumstances and that his
relatives had been killed at Mons.

From time to time instructions were given in
regard to certain persons, and Miss Ruby M.
Davis, of Endleigh-gardens, was put on the list.

She should have received a letter from a friend
in Germany through a friend in Holland, and pris-
oner wrote to her asking for an interview.

Miss Davis granted his request, but arranged for
a private inquiry agent, named Mr. Mason, to be
present, hidden behind some folding doors, so as
to hear what was said.

Prisoner told Miss Davis her name was on the
black list at the Censor's office, and that her home
and correspondence were being watched. He said
he had come to help her, and also, out of revenge
against the War Office, "who have treated me
abominably."

Mr. Mason, being a special constable, came
out and requested prisoner to go to the police
station. The hearing was adjourned.

SHIPOWNER FINED A SHILLING.

John Frederick Drughorn, fifty, shipowner,
pleaded not guilty at the Old Bailey yesterday
to an indictment charging him with trading
with the enemy. The jury found him guilty,
and he was fined 1s. and ordered to pay the
costs.

The prosecution alleged that defendant, who is
governing director of a firm in the City, with
branch at Rotterdam, in September last entered
into a new commercial agreement with a Swedish
company under which, through the Rotterdam
branch, he should engage lighters to carry iron ore
to Germany.

Mr. Pollock, K.C., for defendant, submitted there
was no case for jury; and that the proclama-
tion made an exception in cases where the trading
was done solely abroad.

Mr. Muir, in reply to Mr. Pollock, said he would
admit that at the times concerned metal ore was
not a contraband of war.

Sir Fortescue Flannery, M.P., testified that
defendant's reputation in the City stood very
high.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

For all districts.—Changeable, fair to dull and
damp; some rain and mist; temperature above
the normal.

"WE WILL FIGHT TO THE LAST DITCH."

German Chief of Staff Pays a Tribute
to British Troops.

CALAIS—SOUR GRAPES?

Nothing, we now learn, can stop Germany
from fighting indefinitely; on the other hand,
if she does "go down, it will be fighting honour-
ably to the last ditch."

These slightly conflicting statements are made
by General von Falkenhayn, Chief of the Ger-
man General Staff, who adds, incidentally, that
the Kaiser's troops never attempted or desired to
get to Calais.

In view of the way in which the War Lord
has, in turn, extolled, ordered and inspired
his Huns to get there one is inclined to murmur
"Sour Grapes."

General von Falkenhayn is good enough to
pay a tribute to the fighting qualities of the
British troops. "But we shall drive them back,"
he adds confidently.

"QUITE SATISFIED."

New York, Jan. 20.—The Associated Press
issues to-day a striking account of an interview
which one of its special correspondents has had
at the German Headquarters in France with
General von Falkenhayn, Count von Moltke's
successor as Chief of the General Staff.

In the course of this interview General von
Falkenhayn said:—

"The war can last indefinitely as far as Ger-
many is concerned. I can see nothing that is
able to force us to stop fighting."

"If we go down it will be honourably fighting
to the last ditch and the last man."

Asked how far Germany wished to carry the
war, he replied: "Until our enemies have been
so defeated that the possibility of a repetition
of this unprovoked attack has been completely
eliminated."

Germany, he added, had ample resources.
As regarded food supplies, war materials and
men, her present situation was excellent, and
thus far the advantage had been all on her side.

NO ATTEMPT TO REACH CALAIS.

It was wrong to interpret the German opera-
tions in Flanders as an attempt to reach Calais
and outflank the Allies.

On the contrary, that phase of the campaign was
the result of an attempt of the French and British
to force a way in the north, envelop the German
right flank, relieve Antwerp, and oblige the Ger-
mans to retire from Belgium.

Their plan had been a failure, whereas the Ger-
man counter-stroke had been a success, and the
Germans had no reason to be dissatisfied with the
operation in Flanders.

On the subject of the British forces and Lord
Kitchener's Army, General von Falkenhayn
said:—

"The British are good fighters, and I have all
respect for them, but as an army without the
necessary officers is scarcely an army."

"We are strong enough to beat them and to
drive them back with bloody heads."

"We are fully prepared for any attempt to
land in Belgium, and the sooner it comes the
better."—Central News.

LORD ROBERTS'S GRANDSON.

A son was born to Major and Lady Edwina
Lewin on Monday at 51, Upper Brook-street.
Lady Edwina is the second daughter of Lord
Roberts, and her husband, Major H. F. E. Lewin,
R.E.A., in February, 1912.

She is heiress-presumptive to her elder sister,
Countess Roberts, to whom the title passed by
special remainder on the death of Lord Roberts
in France last November, and her son will be a
heir male to the present Countess Roberts—the
next in succession.

By Lord Roberts' will, published last Friday,
Lord Roberts left unsettled property valued at
£77,304 gross, in addition to the £100,000 granted
to him for his services in South Africa, which
latter, subject to certain charges, including an
annuity to his widow, passes to his elder daughter
for life, with remainder to her children, and fail-
ing her issue, to Lady Edwina Lewin for life, with
remainder to her children.

The residue of his other property he left on
trust to his wife for life, with remainder to his
younger daughter absolutely.

PRINCE AT FRENCH FRONT.

PARIS, Jan. 20.—It is announced from Belfort
that the Prince of Wales arrived there from
Nancy on Friday evening, accompanied by three
officers of his suite.

After visiting the military establishments, hos-
pitals and principal monuments his Royal High-
ness, despite the stormy weather, proceeded to
the front in Upper Alsace.

The Prince much impressed everybody by the
simplicity of his manners.
It was in particular remarked that instead of
using the suite of rooms reserved for him he
preferred a room on the third floor of the hotel
at which he stayed.—Central News.

TRAGEDY OF COLLISION IN THAMES

Shortly before 5 p.m., yesterday the barge Sun-
beam, proceeding up the Thames, was sunk by
collision off Erith with a steamer coming down
the river. Elizabeth Hughes, aged thirty-four,
wife of the barge owner, George West, aged
twenty-three, mate of the barge, were drowned.
Neither of the bodies has been recovered.



These bits of a German bomb were picked up in King's Lynn by some of our Terri-
torial soldiers. The bomb must have been very large.